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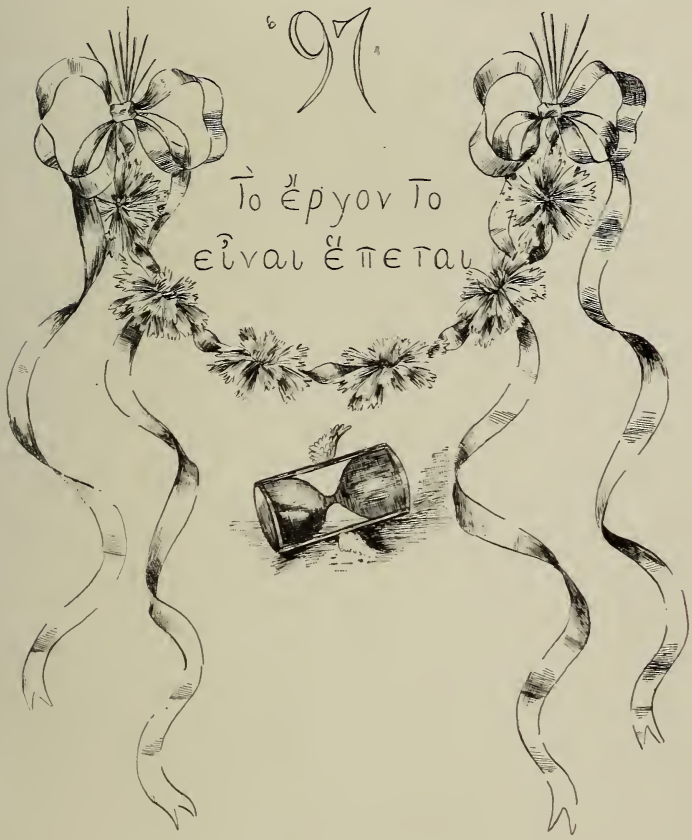
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Lake Waramaug.

Story of the First Pansy Period.

October 8th to November 5th.

TIME, 6 o'clock. Scene, steps of Hall. Sound of jollity in the distance.

Act I. introduced by chorus of maidens, great action and intense excitement, admirably portrayed by innumerable kisses and suffocating hugs. New girls posed near the wings (the protecting wings of Mother Hunt) statuesque effect representing meekness and bewilderment—general introduction to Mrs. Black in the Bindestrich, followed by feast for all characters—complete delight of all interested—"In bed, perfect quiet, lights out, half after nine," and the curtain drops

on the first act of the drama of the life this year at Ingleside. For the first day or two Mother Nature mingled her tears with those of the homesick ones and had such a dampening effect upon the waiting bonfire material that it could not be lighted until Friday evening. This gave the Chickadees plenty of time to array themselves in the glory of a new "call"—then it was the new girls were given startling examples of the power of Ingleside lungs—not only were the "calls" of the present day indulged in, but all those that "have echoed down the halls of time," even to the first class-call, whose one poor remaining representative inquired energetically but feebly "Who are we?" striving in vain to reproduce stentorian tones akin to the past glory of '93.

The First Fireside and the doughnuts claimed our attention and our appetites on Saturday evening. New girls and old received the welcome at Hickory Hearth and were started on the Pansy Scheme for the year.

A week from that time shadowy and grewsome forms filled the Drill Room, beside which the Ghost in "Hamlet" faded into utter insignificance. Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others, we joined in what well might be called the ghost dance in the usual way till the usual hour.

We *could* tell you a great deal about study, about conflicts, about music, but "that's another story," and we would rather go on to Lazy Lodge, as we did the next day.

"The lark did not sit high on the walnut tree," but it rained, it rained, it rained; nevertheless we had the

jolliest time, as we always do on an excursion to Waramaug, and our sharpened appetites were amply satisfied by loads of good things at the Lodge. Mushroom Parties, Chestnut Parties, and Sketching Parties took every one out of doors when the rain ceased, while one lone



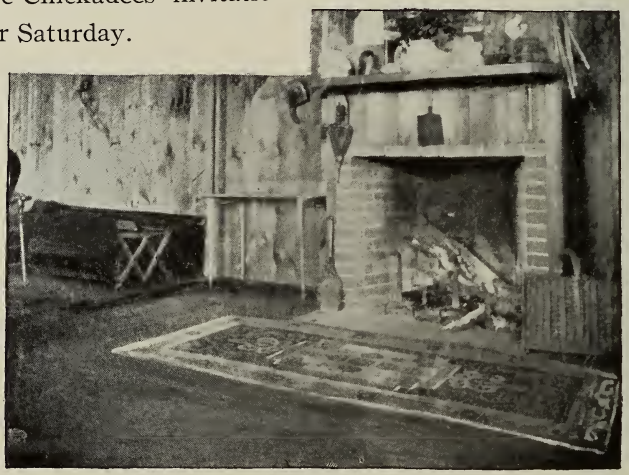
LAZY LODGE.

strawberry plant hung out a blushing berry to make itself conspicuous. We then drove home wrapped in mackintoshes and an all-pervading spirit of cheerfulness.

On the twenty-fourth the seniors gave a german, which every one seemed to enjoy, even the seniors themselves—but that was *before* they received the *bills*.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," but Hattie McNeil does *not*. Ask her why?

A few days before All Hallowe'en the principal diet of the girls seemed to be lead pencils, the ends of which every one feasted on, as they called desperately upon the Muse to send them inspiration for a rhyme in answer to the Chickadees' invitation for Saturday.



FIRESIDE AT THE LODGE.

Shakespeare found many rivals, and the lesser poets were completely cast in the shade.

Eight o'clock found us in the Drill Room, "where we munched, we munched, and we munched," while Dame Fortune wove our destinies.

We bobbed for apples, and to use a slang expression, which we hope the Pansy Garten will overlook, there was one time when the Chickadees had nearly every girl "on a string."

This brings us to by far the most important event in the recent annals of Ingleside, the election of Major William McKinley to the Presidency of the United States. All the school joined in rejoicing save one poor Western silver girl, whose grief was such that she appeared at dinner in garb signifying deepest woe. We had a half holiday, which we trust the children will not forget was all due to their elders, the seniors.

And the First Pansy Period closes, in a blaze of red fire, "Old Glory" waving her proudest, and "America" ringing in every ear.

LILLIAN W. UNDERHILL.



Die Rosstrappe.

IM westlichen Teile der Provinz Sachsen, liegt das schöne, von Sagen aller Art umwobene Harzgebirge.

Der höchste Berg desselben der Brocken ist 3,500 Fuss hoch. Auf diesem liegt ein Plateau, Hexentanz-platz genannt. Die Sage erzhält, dass in der ersten Maien Nacht, die Hexen auf Besen durch die Luft reitend, dort eintreffen um ihre Versammelung zu halten.

Der bekannteste Berg ist aber wohl der durch die Legende von Friedrich Barbarossa berühmt gewordene Kyffhäuser.

Das Gebirge ist meist mit Nadelwaldungen bedeckt, doch befinden sich auch im südlichen Teile die herrlichsten Laubwälder.

Der Harz ist keine zusammenhängende Gebirgskette, sondern eine Gruppe von einzelnen Bergen und meist schroffen Thälern.

Auf vielen Bergen befinden sich die Ruinen mittel-alterlicher Rittenburgen, von

denen Heinrich Heine in seiner Harz-reise das Schloss Hardenberg als die schönste bezeichnet.

Meine heutige Erzählung betrifft aber einen andern Berg, die Rosstrappe genannt weil sich auf demselben ein Abdruck wie von dem Hufe eines riesigen Pferdes befindet. Von der Entstehung desselben erzählt man folgende Geschichte.

Vor vielen, vielen hundert Jahren lebt ein König in Böhmen, der eine wunderschöne Tochter, Namens Brunhilde hatte. Die Prinzessin hatte viele Bewerber unter denen sich auch der Prinz vom Harz befand, Diesem schenkte sie ihre Liebe und schwur ihm ewige Treue, Nach der Verlobung kehrte der Prinz in seine Heimat zurück um seinem Vater sein Glück zu melden und das Schloss zum Empfange der Prinzessin bereit zu machen.

Kaum aber hatte sich der Prinz entfernt da erschien einer jener Riesen die vor alten Zeiten den Norden Europas, bewohnt haben sollen und forderte die Hand der Prinzessin. Der König welcher fürchtete der Riese möchte ihn und sein ganzes-Hans verderben wenn er ihm die Tochter verweigere, versprach, trotz der flehenden Bitten Brunhildes seine Wünsche zu erfüllen. Dieser Riese Namens Bode besass zwei wunderbare Riesenpferde. Das eine davon war schwartz und seine Augen sprüten wie Blitze ; das andere, welches er für die Prinzessin bestimmt hatte war weiss und seine Augen leuchteten wie Sterne, Auf dieses Pferd nun baute Brunhilde ihren Plan.

Sie bat den Riesen sie das Pferd reiten zu lassen, was dieser mit Freuden that. Bald gewann sich Brunhilde

die Zuneigung des Tieres, so dass es ihren leisesten Winken gehorchte.

Einige Tage vor der Hochzeit gab der König ein Fest, zu dem die Prinzessin prächtig geschmückt, ihre goldene Krone auf dem Haupte erschien. Bode betrachtete sie mit Entzücken und sie zeigte sich freundlicher gegen ihn als gewöhnlich. Als sich nun die Gäste entfernt hatten und der König mit Bode in der Halle trank benutzte sie den Augenblick eilte hinab, bestieg ihr Pferd und jagte mit Sturmeseile davon.

Kaum hörte Bode das Wiehern des Pferded, da sprang er wütend empor, schlug mit der Faust auf den Tisch, dass das ganze Schloss erzitterte, stürtzte hinab, sprang auf sein Pferd und folgte der Prinzessin.

Die ganze Nacht dauert dieser furchtbare Ritt, die Erde erhebt unter den Hufen ihrer Pferde. Endlich dämmert der Morgen im Osten, und da liegt vor der Prinzessin der lieblicher Harz, die ersten Strahlen der Morgensonne vergolden die Spitzen der Berge.

Plözlich sieht sich Brunhilde vor einem schrecklichen Abgrund. Das Tier hält erschreckt inne der Riese ist dicht hinter ihr. Da beugt sie sich dicht über ihr Pferd und flüstert ihn ins Ohr.

Spring zu ! teures Tier noch diesen Sprung, und wir sind gerettet. Nun baümte sich das edele Ross hoch empor, und mit einem mächtigen Satze fliegt es, einem Vogel gleich hinüber, mit seinem Hufe die Treppe in den Berg einschlagend, dann stürzt es tot zusammen.

Während des Sprunges fiel die goldene Krone von dem Haupte der Prinzessin und das Pferd des Riesen, ge-

blendet von dem Glanze derselben in der Sonne stürzte mit ihm in den gähnenden Abgrund.

Heute fliesst ein reissender Fluss in diesem Thale, welcher zum Andenken an den Riesen, Bode heisst.

A. Florence Browning.



Starting for Church.



"Where the Blue Gentian Nods in Dewy Slumbers Bound."

Story of the Second Pansy Period.

November 5th to December 10th.

NOVEMBER in New England brought to us Southern girls visions of snow and ice, but we were disappointed, for the first part of the month was as beautiful as one could wish. Valley and river were charming in what the natives called an "Indian Summer" haze, and in damp quiet nooks on the "Aspetuck" the wonderful blue gentian opened its bright eyes in the sunshine, and

hid itself again when the frosty evenings came. It was not until a few days before the longed-for vacation came, that we had our first snow; a snow as persistent as it was light, for it stayed on and on.

In the earlier part of the month, we had much to



THE COVE.

make the time pass quickly both out of doors and inside, and the days did not drag as we supposed they would. We were all more than interested in Ethel Hopkins's initiation into the "Pansy Garten," although it did not concern those "outside the wall," in the least. The new

girls made many exclamations of wonder at the mysterious signs on the bulletin boards, and at the many queer actions of the autocratic Pansies, and the very submissive demeanor of their victim. Under cover of darkness she was conducted to the Geheimness room on Hickory Hearth and the rest was really Geheimness to us ordinary mortals.

Not long after this, on a bright Wednesday afternoon, we saw posted "Line formed 4.45" for Church, and we speedily learned that a Missionary meeting was to be held. Now, if any of the girls at that time had the idea that Missionary meetings were dull, they were very much mistaken, for the addresses of Bishop Wells and the Rev. Mr. Kinsolving were so interesting that many girls went again to the evening service.

November seems to be a favorite month for birthdays, at least at Ingleside, and the Robin gave to one of its own nest a surprise party which surprised us all, while the Chickadee had also some one to congratulate.

One Wednesday afternoon there was a great hurrying, slamming of books into drawers, snatching of capes, and running to the different cottages.

An old girl would know what this meant, but to a newcomer I must explain. The dancing-school was to begin that afternoon, and the girls had only a half hour in which to get ready. Of course all possible haste was needed, for weren't the Rectory Boys coming?

A few days after this we had a lecture by Mr. Bissett on "How to Study History," and the "Famous Rides in American History." Perhaps we have not grasped

his great idea of History, but I am sure every girl's patriotism was stirred by his beautiful description and explanation of "Paul Revere's Ride."

At last the holidays came and the hearts of the girls were made happier—if possible—by the announcement that all could go home on Tuesday afternoon instead of Wednesday morning. You may be sure no one said they were not prepared, and what a line there was formed to leave by the afternoon train! There were only twelve girls left behind, but those twelve girls determined to have a good time, and they did. When the first box came—will the girls ever forget that fruit-cake?—we feasted and made merry, but when the last came we only shook our heads and sighed. If any one is anxious to find out how we managed to keep awake as late as we did, just let them dine on fruit-cake and ham sandwiches—they will not wonder any more.

Saturday the girls came back, and, after listening to their tales of fun over and over again, we settled down to hard work on Monday. Each examination seemed trying to be a little harder than the one before. The girls studied and studied. At the table those versed in chemistry asked for glasses of "H. O." and requested their neighbors to kindly pass the "U. a. c. e." that they might not forget those brain-splitting symbols. But oh!

How sore are our hearts o'er those horrid old problems,
Which dear Mr. Draper presents to our view,
The x's and y's and the deep-tangled fraction,
Which Wentworth himself would be puzzled to do.
The clocks and the foxes, the tanks and the greyhounds,
The cups and the horses, the shepherd and sheep.

Oh, those awful equations,
Those mixed-up equations,
Those "won't come" equations,
That make us all weep!

But we finally finished and were rewarded for our labor by a charming reading which Miss Van Kirk gave us on Rossetti. She told us his life, and read us some of his poems, and the girls found the evening most delightful.

Another thing which required great concentration of mind was learning to keep step in the line. We were marched out every morning at 8.15 around the little circle back of the "Studio," and the ground was so frozen that we stumbled and lost our count at nearly every step. But we kept on, "left, right, left, right," until the very houses seemed to echo it, and the only remark the leaders appeared able to make was this rather peculiar one: "You're bobbing." Perhaps every one does not understand it, but there are some who do. Now, we Ingleside girls come walking along, looking as if we had been wound up, all wearing a sort of an automatic-toy expression, but nevertheless we are told that we are "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

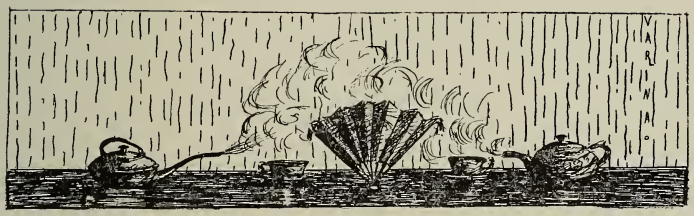
Last, but not least, we have had the first skating. Friday afternoon the ice was fine and twelve of us went out for a good time, and a good time we had. Some of us never found the attraction of gravitation stronger, nor exhibited its force better, but that is a part of the fun, you know.

All the calendars in school have a worn expression. Do you know why? Well, it is because this month every girl

has looked up, marked down, and checked off, the days that are to elapse before the Xmas holidays, at least twenty-four times in each twenty-four hours.

To sum it all up, this month has been a mixture of realization, jollification, examination, and anticipation.

CURRY CONNALLY.



Story of the Third Pansy Period.

December 10th to January 28th.

SAMUEL H. SCUDDER, in the October Harpers, gave a very interesting paper on American Crickets, their characteristics, peculiarities, etc. He spoke of several varieties, and we suppose he fancied he had covered the whole ground, but he did not mention the Cricket of Hickory Hearth. The fact is, it seems to us, that the world generally is ignorant on this very important subject. We are glad, however, that a writer of good standing has interested his readers in the ordinary American Cricket; we do not doubt the day will come when the Crickets of Hickory Hearth will also be appreciated.

One of the peculiarities common to all Crickets, which he mentions, is a desire to stay at home, to ignore the outside world, to watch the kettle and to chirp upon the hearth; so it seems to us rather hard to expect one of the Hickory Hearth Crickets to write about outside matters, even about the doings of Ingleside during this past month. Of course, we hop down to school and mingle in the giddy throng from time to time, but we are supposed to be superior to "Pansy regulations" and

past the tender age when "Pansy cards" are a necessity. In a way we look on from the outside, absorb a good deal of information (and fun too), criticise perhaps a little, but when the evening shadows fall, like all the rest of the Cricket family, we sit on our own hearthstone and, warming ourselves in the ruddy blaze, we chirp and chirp about ourselves and our affairs, singing our monotonous song in a merry sort of way, which seems to please the Mistress of the Hearth as well as would even the classical music of one of the Ingleside symphony classes.

Now when the autocratic "Unter Gartner," "clothed with her brief authority," singles out one of this contented circle, and marks her for her own, bidding her "write" whether she have material or not, all the obedient Cricket can do is to call on the rest of the Cricket family to help her in the emergency, and to recall, if possible, the doings of the wild crowd of schoolgirls under the hill for the month just past. What have they done and what has happened in the Ingleside world, that is the question, during this Pansy Period since the last Fireside, December 12.

We remember a little sigh when, at that third Fireside, it was announced that the Rectories were unavoidably detained by chicken-pox.

The poor "Rectories"! To-night they are victims of the measles and so cannot accept Mrs. Black's standing invitation. In passing, one would think the Rectories had spent time enough in this sort of thing this year. Are they avoiding examination week, or is it simply a fancy of theirs for being interesting invalids?

The Crickets know not !

After the Fireside there came a few days only before the start for the vacation. I think all Ingleside spent its time outside of class-work, these few days, in hugging its neighbor or dearest friend, and giving queer long-drawn "ohs" and "ahs," ejaculating "to think we are going home !" from one ; response in the same excited voice, "don't it tho' !" Another frantic hug, and they tear off to some class where their recitations are certainly original, if not intelligent. Long-suffering parents receive incoherent telegrams regarding the time of their arrival at home ; Misses Hill and Rinker metaphorically tear their hair over the absurd questions as to trains and baggage and the contradictory decisions at the office. No matter when the hour for departure is appointed—and half the girls don't know—all beg to go "the day before," "the train before," "the minute before," anything, to get the best of fixed rules and regulations. The Christmas fever seems to strike the elder portion of the community also, and one of the most dignified of the faculty changes her mind at least ten times as to whether she shall go home or not.

Eventually the long looked-for day arrives, and the crowd of excited girls, with rather a suppressed parting shout—not the natural Ingleside yell—wend their way from Terrace Place to the station. Here every one tries to find every one else, to tell them Good-by, but trains have no feelings, and conductors very little sentiment ; so they are hustled upon the cars, helped on by every one at all interested in their getting off. The "dearest

friend," who leaves an hour later, stands on the platform under the wing of Mother Hunt, waving frantically ; the travelers flatten their noses against the pane, and call out important messages, till that moment quite forgotten ; the friend smiles sweetly, hearing nothing—the messages are clearly heard, however, by the traveling public—and the girl is called to order by the energetic chaperone; she subsides, and the train steams out. Away off in the distance the last glimpse of the roofs of Ingleside is caught in a farewell kodak, the girls settle back into their seats—



the vacation has begun ! What the vacation story is we do not know.

All came back—after a time—but the majority of the Crickets were chirping away in their usual manner, long before the numbers were full in the cottages under the hill.

All the girls told all the other girls what splendid times they had had, and at last Ingleside stopped talking for lack of breath, and went to work.

Somehow, even the cold of this January weather has not stopped the jollity and good times since school began.

The merry laughter of the girls rings out from every cottage. There is a new influence, a new spirit in the school, a tonic, which is having its effect, a sunshine, which thaws us out even on the coldest days, and while the work goes on with unvarying regularity, not one girl

is afraid to be happy since Miss Van De Water has come among us.

The bowling tournament is really the most important event of the month. First each cottage bowled for a



Miss Van De Water and "The Kid Faculty."

champion. Four girls, two teachers, and Miss Doone won the coveted opportunity. Then Saturday evening, January 23, the grand tournament came off. The little Wigwam looked its prettiest, with the long line of expect-

ant faces on each side of the Alley. Miss Hill kept score, and Mr. Draper umpired the game. The contestants stood in line to be inspected, then they bowled in turn, and their constituents from the various cot-



CORNER IN WIGWAM.

tages cheered or groaned as the case required. Some girls aimed at the pins wildly, some apparently at a hidden enemy in the cellar, some did the work splendidly, and all made lots of fun. After the first string we ate

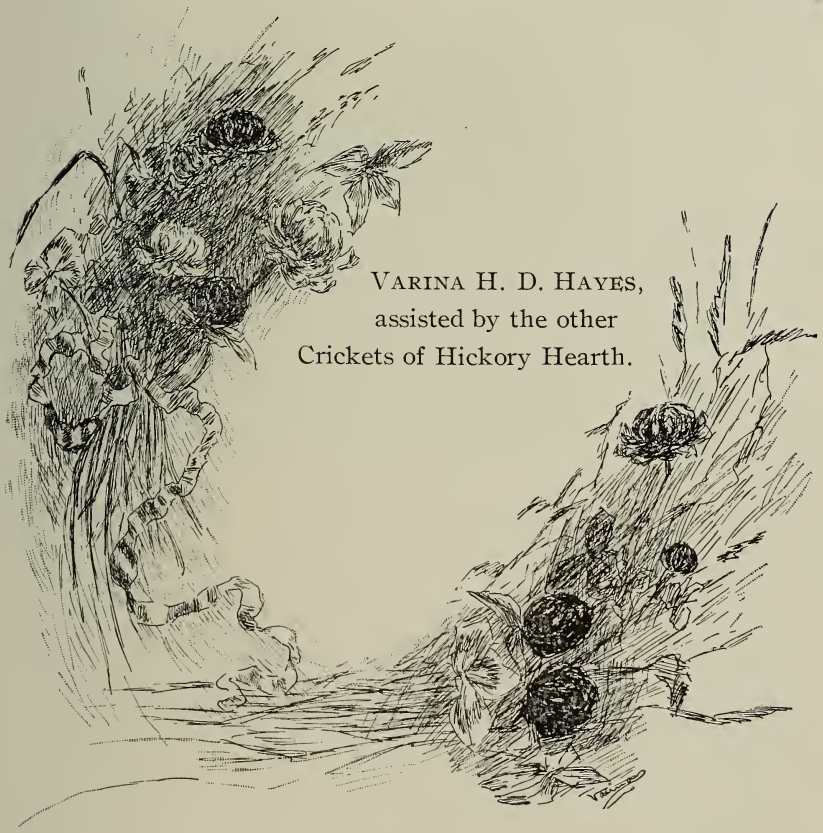
ice cream, and those of us who are not ourselves fine bowlers, advised the players and explained how games are won. Then came the final game, and champion Warner, of the Chickadee, backed by the class of '98, took the first prize on highest score—a gold tenpin ; Lois Pratt, of the Hall, second prize, for most graceful and accurate bowling —a silver-bound housewife ; and Miss Doone marched home triumphant with the booby prize—a tenpin baby.

A flutter of excitement should be mentioned during this month when the news of moving Ingleside to the Weantinaug Hotel property another year was announced by Mrs. Black. Some old girls talked cottage sentiment and "Auld Lang Syne," while the new girls highly applauded ; but we think all have been converted to the advisability of the change during the last snowstorm.

The necessary shrieks and clatter in preparation for the coming half-yearly Musicale resound on all sides now, and the half-yearly exams. cast their baneful shadow before. Even Crickets seek in vain a refuge and are helpless victims. To tackle the exams., or publicly announce that you are afraid ! What an alternative ! But we trespass upon the interests of the future.

The Fourth Pansy Period closes with a big blizzard of a snowstorm, enlivened by a false alarm of measles for which Miss Florence Browning is responsible. Some people "sigh for fame," you know ! and the Crickets, overcome with the tremendous effort of "writing up" this most eventful period of the school year, and of manufacturing under the direction of the terrible "Unter Gartner" "bricks without straw," hop quietly off, bid-

ding a cordial welcome to the Inglesiders who cluster about the Hearth to-night, and begging that they make some startling history, to be recorded by some more fortunate individual at the next Fireside Meeting.



VARINA H. D. HAYES,
assisted by the other
Crickets of Hickory Hearth.



The Frozen Waterfall.

Winter Sports.

A POOR Virginia girl, settled in a little Connecticut village for the winter, is expected to write enthusiastically upon "Winter Sports." How can she do it? Leaving the most beautiful climate in the world to come to bleak New England, what does she care for winter pleasures?

She is asked to skate. After a walk of a mile or two over a hard frozen road, with the thermometer ten be-

low zero, she reaches the pond, where the steel machines are strapped on her unwilling feet, and she is requested to stand up. She tries, but surely the ice is the most slippery ever "invented," even in Connecticut. After some fatal attempts at skating she returns to lament and nurse her bruises for the next week or two.

One of her daily "pleasures" (?) is a brisk walk along Main Street with a line of forty girls. The ground is frozen under foot, and the winds blowing about her head. Of course she dislikes it, but New Englanders believe in plenty of exercise, so she has *this* pleasure every day.

Then the poor Virginian is asked to go tobogganing. She accepts, but what an experience she has! It seems that the toboggan *will* start before she is ready, but at last she manages to seat herself, gather her skirts about her, and goes with lightning speed to the end of the slide. Of course she is scared, for she *may* land in a snowbank at any moment. However, she reaches the end in safety, and toils wearily up the hill, and is expected to do the same thing over again.

She is asked to go on a sleigh-ride, and, when she returns, agrees more than ever with the man who said it was much cheaper, and certainly as pleasant, to put your feet in a bucket of ice-water and ring a dinner-bell in your ears for an hour, as to take a sleigh-ride. She is asked to play golf. She tramps over the fields, and gets about as cold as possible, and returns utterly worn out, for she is not fond of walking.

So when Spring comes, this Virginian goes back to

"The Land of the Sunny South." In place of snow-banks she finds long stretches of flowering meadows; in place of New England's clouds, warm, starlit skies; instead of howling winds, singing birds; in place of blinding sheets of snow, warm sunshine; and, best of all, Home and a Southern welcome.

MARGARET MITCHELL FOSTER.



A COLD DAY ON THE FARM.



Story of the Fifth Pansy Period.

January 28th to February 27th.

WE have always wondered in a stupid sort of a way why February, as a general thing, has only twenty-eight days to its credit, but it has suddenly flashed upon us that the wise old calendar-maker knew that some day Ingleside girls were going to have "exams" about February time, and of course quietly shortened this month, that the dreaded period might be out of the way two days earlier.

It has been to Ingleside this year a mixture of extreme anxiety and great

happiness. It is hardly necessary to say what were the feelings of the girls during the first part of the month. The word examination expressed all our woe and anguish. Girls were scarcely seen to smile during the whole dreadful week. Occasionally faces relaxed a trifle when three o'clock came, but grim determination and a sort of "two examinations to-morrow" expression, returned about seven P.M. There is a minor strain in this week. In fact they are all minor strains, but this is a "minory" minor one—for enlightenment see Proverbs, thirty-first chapter, eighteenth verse.

When "exams" ended we thought we were through with all our tasks, but the girls who played in the Musicale had only begun to realize that music did mean something, namely, work. And we poor mortals, who had nothing to do but listen, thought we needed a little sympathy, for Mozart and Mendelssohn, Mignon and Seraphim dinned at our ears, mixed themselves up in our heads, and played havoc with our nerves during all those hours of practice. Many a time we sighed, "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness." The grand event at last took place, and each performer deserves the hearty congratulations of all Ingleside.

It was in the midst of this excitement, when the girls were rushing to and fro, that the sad news of the death of Pauline Otis came to us. This cast a gloom over the whole school, and one which her many dear friends found hard to lift. Loved by all who knew her, she leaves a vacant place in our hearts which can never be filled.

The Pansies added another flower to the Garten on

Saturday, February thirteenth. The gate opened to the popular—well, you Pansies know—to admit Mildred Thorpe into its mysterious precincts.

The Friday following Mrs. Bloodgood, Mr. Clemence, and Mr. Engel arrived, and we enjoyed one of the most pleasant of all Ingleside's musical entertainments. The young vocalists at Ingleside now aspire to the excellence of Mrs. Bloodgood. Another event which made the entertainment more pleasing was the presence of the "Rectories," who have long been missed by Ingleside. We hope now that they have safely recovered and will never be so foolish as to contract measles again, especially if they want the respect of this vicinity, for we had a little scare of our own over the same thing.

The Seniors, who pride themselves on being on the top of the street, and *think* themselves likewise on the top in everything else, had one of their glorious class speedily dispatched to "the Bob" one morning, where (Rhetoric class please take notice) the physician reported symptoms of "*incipient rubeola*," but there are times when even Seniors fail, and only a cold developed.

It was not coming events, but the energetic Golf Club which cast their shadows before us, on February thirteenth. Would that all shadows were as pleasant and cheering as theirs !

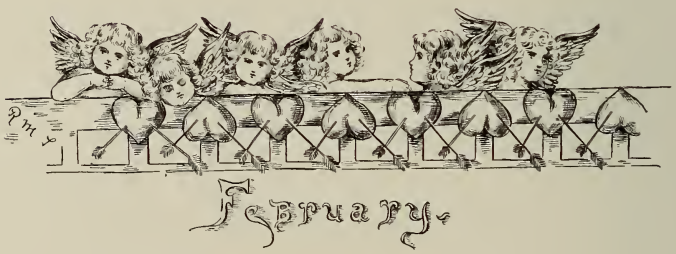
Ingleside was glad to open her doors to three old girls this month, and to welcome several other visitors.

Many of the girls went home for the birthday of our illustrious ancestor, but Ingleside also celebrated the event by a holiday. The girls were allowed to go down-

town unchaperoned—Oh, you Freshmen, you actually are smiling now to think for once you have had a Senior privilege. When night came, between the glorious wedding and the candy-pull, the girls dreamed, not only of George Washington, but of ancestors far more fierce.

To illuminate the whole month we have "The Sparks," which certainly have not enlightened many minds thus far, but, we pray you, have patience. A Senior remarked one day that editing a paper was especially lovely for the "class of '98," as it was considered a Junior duty. But we are left in a perplexed and wondering state as to what the Juniors were doing last year.

EDWINNA HAMMOND.





Story of the Sixth Pansy Period.

February 27th to March 25th.

MARCH has done her duty this year by coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb.

The bulletin has said "Walk excused" more times than usual, much to our joy. Were outsiders to step in at three o'clock and hear us all, except the reverend seniors, of course, asking in one breath, "Is there a walk?" they might puzzle for days and not find out our meaning. But we know.

Lent came upon us with wind and rain, but the services have been well attended. We have listened with great interest to the Wednesday evening sermons by the visiting clergy and our choir has made us justly proud.

One morning Mr. Hunter, of St. Augustine School, in Raleigh, talked to us of Athens as it is at present. Many of us remember his visit last year and the enthusiasm with which his account of his work inspired us. We regret to state that his questions on the present occasion, especially those relating to scriptural passages, were not answered with amazing rapidity.

We have had Sparks of various kinds this month, those of wit and wisdom and those of a more practical and ordinary kind. The initial number of the "Ingleside Sparks" appeared after a short delay at the printers and had a warm reception. It is truly of great benefit to the poor unfortunate mortal who is detailed to write the "Story of the Month." As for the real article, our excitement rose to a high pitch one day when the cry of "fire" was heard on peaceful "Terrace Place." Recitations were excused and the windows of the "Bindestrich" were filled with eager faces as we gazed awe-stricken on the mass of flames only a short distance away. We were quiet, to the credit of Ingleside be it said, but do not think we were content, to remain cooped up while our faculty trooped to the scene of action.

The limited fire department worked nobly and at length the fire was gotten under control. But it looked so dangerous for a while that some of us actually began to wonder what things we would pack first if worst came to worst. Of course our sofa pillows and photos must be saved and we have no doubt that we should have developed unusual judgment and heroism had occasion required. As it was we only gazed out of the window.

Miss Rinker ran out from her sanctum and extinguished two bits of burning paper. But for this prompt action the Cuckoo might now be a thing of the past.

St. Patrick's Day dawned bright and fair. Miss Robbins can testify that the Seniors were the greenest



Miss Rinker Ready for Action.

things in the institution—they were a regular grass-green. The rest of us were content to let our eyes grow green at dinner-time. Then the "Specials" showed their ability and the "Seniors" their capacity.

During the month Miss Connally and Miss Bliss were

favored with cakes and candles. This custom has become more and more popular in the course of the year as the list of birthdays has increased. There is great pleasure in sitting in state with expectant joy upon our faces, while the occupants of other tables leave the dining-room.

The bright spring days are bringing with them the out of-door sports, "Hop-Scotch" and Ball being the first symptoms. The chalk-marks extend all the way to the corner. Friends, do you realize how you look hopping around after a small pebble? Probably not, so we will leave you to hop on into next month.

MARY WALLINGFORD



Frühlingslied.

ENDLICH scheint die Sonne wieder,
Und die Erde steht geschmückt,
Und im Wald erklingen Lieder,
Und die Menschen sind beglückt.

Und die sanften Frühlingswinde
Fächeln leicht die schöne Erd',
Als erzähten sie dem Kinde,
Was das Leben noch beschert.

Sprechen von des Sommers Fülle
Wo die stolze Rose glüht,
Wo aus jeder grünen Hülle
Eine holde Blüte sieht.

Sprechen von des Herbstes Segen
Von der Früchte goldener Pracht,
Sagen wie auf allen Wegen
Glück und Freude für sie lacht.

EDWINNA HAMMOND.



BELOW THE BRIDGE.

Story of the Seventh Pansy Period.

March 26th to May 6th.

THE last Fireside was held in the Overlook, and great was the excitement in that domicile an hour before the business meeting. Truth compels the statement that everyone seemed happy, with the exception of one person (no name mentioned), who about that time would much rather have been in any place than the Overlook.

April was to have been rung in by two good-sized cow-bells, but owing to a breakage in the strings, it had to come in unannounced. The sun cautiously peeped over the hills as if expecting to find a joke awaiting him, but everything was quiet on Terrace Place. Indeed any one might have thought the first of April was just an ordinary day and not twenty-four hours of practical jokes; about lunch time, however, they would have changed their minds, for in the Bindestrich we were served to paper croquettes and acid water. A few other jokes were played, some of which were too deep for Ingleside's younger minds, and here let me mention something I am sure you will all be glad to know—that for once the Juniors did "take the cake."

Beside the first of April, we had our Easter vacation to enliven the month, which, through the intercession of Miss Van De Water, and the kindness of Mrs. Black, was prolonged seven days. It was hard to compose ourselves and put our minds on our studies during those nine long days before "play time," but we managed to, somehow.

We were all delighted when we heard that Dr. Van De Water was to preach again during Lent, and were all ready to welcome him when he came. The electric lights unfortunately went out the night of his arrival—his brilliancy was so much greater they were probably ashamed to shine while he was near,—so we all went down to St. John's Church to hear him. I think the inhabitants of the town must have been surprised at the length of the line that night, Ingleside had never before

boasted of one so long. The hearts of the Seniors were made glad, and they became reconciled to walking to church with the whole school, when they found Dr. Van De Water was to pay them a call after service. We



THE HOUSATONIC.

feasted him on crackers and milk, and he saw the house by candle-light.

The first warm days that came made us realize that winter could not last all the year round, as we were beginning to think it might. The grass looked green and

the buds more promising, even a straw hat was seen at intervals, and occasionally (yes, very occasionally, because of Mother Hunt) a shirtwaist was worn, but she will tell you that seeing a girl with a shirtwaist on does not signify spring, because, if she did not prevent it, they would be worn at twelve below zero and still the wearer would insist that she was "perfectly warm Mother Hunt." In spite of all the joy, we remember days in the month when our girlish hearts were heavy with sadness, and we longed to be a comfort and help to those whose sorrow was deepest. Even the girls that did not know Mrs. Sanford felt in her death the loss of a friend, and many a lesson was taught us by her patience through her long illness.

Vacation came at last and only six girls and a few of the faculty remained to keep up the story of Ingleside, but what that story is we have never managed to find out, we have only heard faint rumors of Rectory boy calls and candy pulls, when the candy refused to pull; however, where all is mystery we may venture to say the girls who remained managed to drive dull care away quite successfully.

The evening of April twenty-sixth found most of us at the New Milford station, and dropping our vacation news we took up our school life where we left it, not to put it away until June tenth, which for some of us means for always.

With the apple blossoms the spring sunshine and other pleasant things, came Mabel Colvin—and in a day she seemed never to have been away.

Miss Hilliard gave a charming entertainment for the Pansy Garten. Ask the Pansies if they had a good time selling tickets!

The Dancing Class gave their farewell dance and some of the outsiders were made happy by an unexpected invi-



"With the Apple Blossoms."

tation. It is impossible to tell of the fun that everyone had that night, only one who has been to such a dance can imagine. The preparations for Commencement have been in full swing and everyone is beginning to realize that school for this year is nearly over. The old Wean-

tinaug Hotel is raising its roof at the thought of having Ingleside established over there next year, and feels apparently that it has a future.

Miss Isabel Sadler, a graduate of '95, has gladdened the hearts of her friends by coming to New Milford for a visit.

This month has also seen the completion of one of the greatest works of the century, in other words the Seniors have at last finished their "Grinds."

ANNA E. FLETCHER, '97.

Unsere Blume, '97.

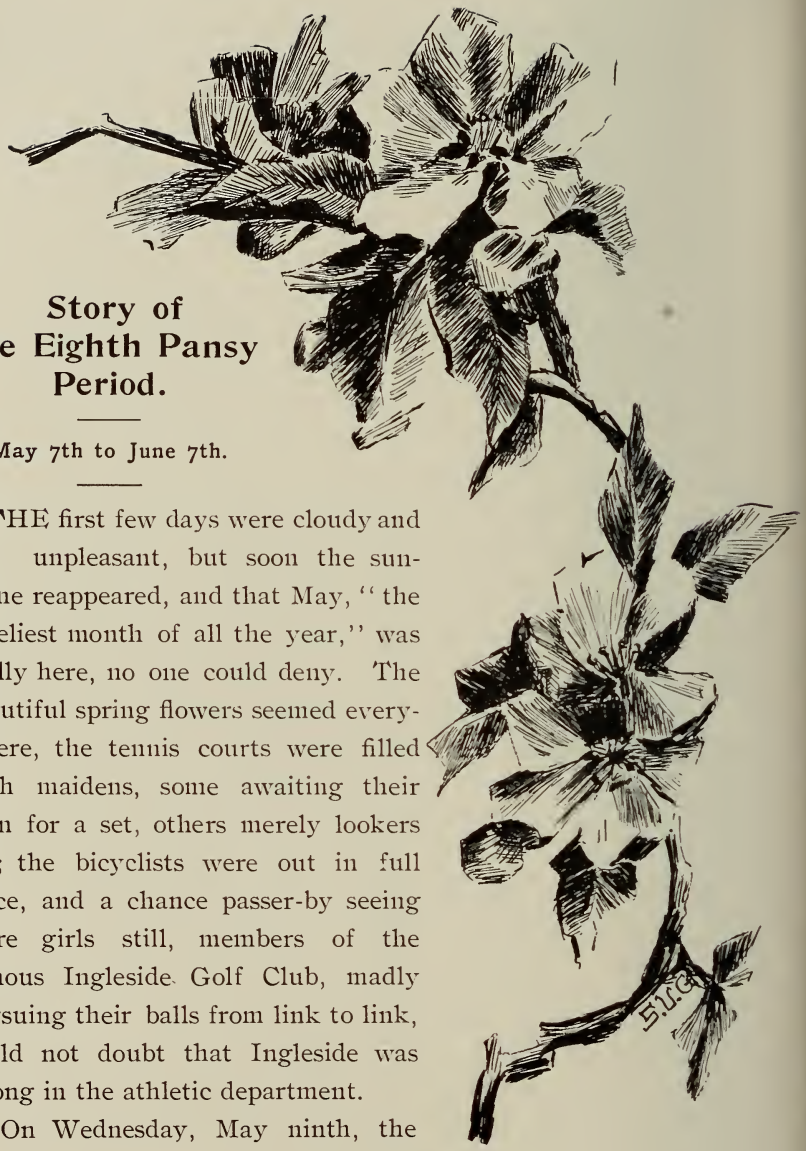
BLAU ist die Farbe des Himmels,
Der Treue Farbe ist blau ;
Blau is die Farbe des Meeres,
Blau schimmert der Morgenthau.

Und blau im wogenden Korne
Erblüht eine Blume so frei ;
Gleichsam als wollte sie flehen
Den Segen des Himmels herbei.

"Die Blume der Königin Louise"
So heisst sie im deutschen Land
"Die Blume des Jünglings" aber,
Amerika hat sie benannt.

So meinet sie Treue und Tugend
Und Stärke und edeles Gemüth ;
Und fleht um den Segen des Himmels
Im wessen Herzen sie blüht.

ISABEL NELSON SMITH.



Story of the Eighth Pansy Period.

May 7th to June 7th.

THE first few days were cloudy and unpleasant, but soon the sunshine reappeared, and that May, "the loveliest month of all the year," was really here, no one could deny. The beautiful spring flowers seemed everywhere, the tennis courts were filled with maidens, some awaiting their turn for a set, others merely lookers on; the bicyclists were out in full force, and a chance passer-by seeing more girls still, members of the famous Ingleside Golf Club, madly pursuing their balls from link to link, could not doubt that Ingleside was strong in the athletic department.

On Wednesday, May ninth, the

girls attended the Dime Coffee given at Mrs. Draper's. Selections by the "G.B.C." added greatly to the pleasure of the evening and all reported a most agreeable time.

The following Sunday, just after our return from Church, smoke was seen issuing from some building on the hill and word soon came that the Rectory School was burning. The fire did not prove to be as serious as was at first supposed, and there was no opportunity for great and glorious deeds on the part of our friends "The Rectories," but so much damage was done by water that some of the boys were obliged to seek temporary homes in the village. Could this have been the reason for the sudden interest in ball playing in the vicinity of the Hall, or for the unusual charm discovered in certain walks hitherto considered unattractive?

Another fire and yet another came; I wonder if the Seniors will ever forget the last; the theories that were advanced that night before we could be persuaded to return to our own rooms were many and various, and it was sad to find in the morning that no matter how carefully proven the night before, they were all entirely wrong.

Much of our time just now was filled with study, and with rehearsals of the various entertainments to take place during Commencement week, but when Mrs. Black so kindly asked us to spend the day with her at Lake Waramaug all care was thrown aside and we gave ourselves up to the pleasure of the moment.

The day was delightful, the Lake beautiful as ever; little Lazy Lodge had the same warm welcome for us as

before, and to all of us the memory of our last "Fireside" in '97 will ever be a pleasure and a delight.

Not among the least interesting events this month have been the ball games between the Rectory and the Gunnery. On the twenty-second the Ingleside girls attended



WHERE THE BOATS COME IN.

the game in New Milford, and great excitement prevailed when the "Rectories" won by a large majority, but the climax was reached when, the following week, Mr. Everest kindly invited us to the game at Washington. He joined us with the "Rectories" on the road, and we were

surprised with a tempting lunch most charmingly served on the banks of the noisy Shepaug. Later came the game on the Gunnery grounds, and sad to say, in spite of our enthusiastic shouts for our friends of the red and white, who did fine work, the "Gunneries" were victorious.

The beautiful drive home was tinged with something



ON THE LAKE ROAD.

of regret that our delightful day would soon be at an end; all too quickly we found ourselves at Ingleside again, happy and tired, and ready to drift off into dreamland. Let me add just here that the third game of the rubber took place on neutral ground June fifth. Only the lucky Hickory Hearth Crickets witnessed it, but the red and

white won, and all Ingleside—except a very few—rejoiced with the "Rectories."

Anyone entering the "Overlook" on the morning of the twenty-second would have needed no words to explain that something unusual was to take place. Girls were busy everywhere and the result was seen, when in the afternoon, our many friends gathered in the prettily decorated parlor where our class colors, "the blue and white," were so much in evidence. Unfortunately, one of our household was taken off to the Bobolink by Mother Hunt, there to compare the attractions of the Grant procession and the Senior Tea.

Poor Gussie! We did miss you, and we have missed you ever since!

From three to six Mrs. Taylor, assisted by the members of the class, received. "All went merry as a marriage bell," but with the pleasure we enjoyed was a mingled sadness, for the thought would come, that this was the last time we as a class, would ever entertain at Ingleside.

Another last glimpse of our dear little cottage—The Auction—when our "lares and penates" were dragged forth, and the pitiless auctioneer, with true Western energy and originality, knocked them down to the highest bidder.

"What is so rare as a day in June,
Then if ever come perfect days."

Sunday, June sixth, fully verified the poet's description, and everything seemed striving to make beautiful the welcome to the "Old Girls" who had

come the evening previous. At 10.45 we assembled at the "Little Church on the Hill." The Seniors occupied the front seats with "the girls of other years," and the undergraduates were in the usual places behind them. The line had been lengthened that morning by the



SUNDAY MORNING.

"Days," and thus all Ingleside (for not even the Bobolink could boast an occupant) were present at this service.

Favorite hymns were chosen, and canticles, which all knew and loved. One after another, voices fell in till

every one seemed to be singing, and the little church was filled with harmony. The responses were full of feeling too, and the intense stillness when Mr. Draper preached the baccalaureate sermon showed the reverence and interest of all, but only those for whom they were especially intended could appreciate the depth and earnestness of his last few words. In the afternoon we came together again for Evensong, but I think perhaps this beautiful service is better without description. Words could not do it justice, and we Ingleside girls have grown to love it so dearly that I think wherever we may be, the memory of it will be always with us.

Alas, for human hopes! On Monday the sky which the day before had been so bright and clear was overcast, and the Pansy Tea on the lawn at Hickory Hearth, to which we had all been looking forward with so much pleasure, was necessarily held in the house. The Secretary's Report was read, giving the list of officers for the Pansy Garten in Ninety-eight. The Treasurer gave a report of which the Pansies may well be proud, and then Mrs. Black read the record for the year. Not even the rain outside could dampen the enthusiasm of that moment, for a member of the Class of '97 for a second time won the sweepstakes prize, and our Denver girl was applauded to the echo. A delicious tea followed, and we soon dispersed as many duties called us elsewhere.

On Tuesday morning a large number assembled in the Drill Room for the Musicale, and warmly appreciated the efforts of those who took part. The selections were difficult and admirably rendered. In the evening the

room was crowded to its utmost capacity, for much mystery had surrounded the English play, and mystery always arouses curiosity. The "Chronothanatoletron" merited the many praises bestowed upon it, and a very appreciative audience greeted and applauded the actors.

On Wednesday morning the Gymnastic Drill took place and was watched with absorbing interest. Many of the exercises were intricate, and the gracefulness and precision with which they were executed was much commended. Three of the girls were considered equally worthy of the prize offered by Mr. Robert C. Black of New York. Consequently lots were drawn, and, of course, the "Overlooks" were happy, when Augusta White secured the lucky number. Much enthusiasm ensued, and class and house cries resounded on all sides. In the afternoon the Alumnæ Dinner took place. Unfortunately a description is impossible, as the requisite facts have been refused to "outsiders," but of the '97 Class Dinner, which occurred at the same time, too much cannot be said. Long will it live in the memory of those who were there. That class prophecy so cleverly foretelling the future destiny of each member and the souvenir so suggestive of that future—the toasts—but space forbids me to go further; to imagination I must leave the rest.

Evening brought the Senior Musicale. The program was exceptionally fine. The girls played entirely from memory, and again '97 was proud of the Class work. The singing was also unusually good, and pleasantly varied the instrumental portion of the program.

Thursday—Commencement Day, and to some of us, our Graduation Day—came at last. Again the Drill Room was filled with expectant girls, and promptly at twelve the long line of white-robed maidens, preceded by the faculty, filed into the room and took the seats reserved for them in front of the stage.

The essays were bright and cleverly written. Miss White, in her happy reference to our class-history, brought back many memorable incidents of school-life. The Chorus Class sang several pretty selections, and then, one by one, the members of the Graduating Class stepped upon the platform and received from Mr. Draper their diplomas. The Hon. M. W. Seymour delivered a short address full of thought and earnestness. It could not but produce a lasting impression, and will always be remembered when we think of our Graduation Day.

At five o'clock every one assembled at Hickory Hearth for the Tree Exercises. Each class gathered about its own tree. The Tree Song was sung, the new links were added to the Alumnæ Chain, and the Alumnæ sang their song with the new verse for '96. Then a member of the Class of '93 stepped forward, and kindly returned to us our '97 Flag which the Alumnæ, lacking other decorations, had appropriated to grace their Dinner. Of course, it was a matter of congratulation that we had been able thus to add to their enjoyment, and the banner, always precious, became doubly valuable because of the charming legends they had inscribed upon it. The Loving Cup went round, and the remaining contents were poured upon the roots of "'97." Then we all went down to

the little church for our farewell service, and thus the Commencement Exercises came to an end, except for the happy few so fortunate as to be included in the invitations for the dance that evening, given by Mrs. Black in honor of the Class of '97.

It was a merry night, but when the morning came a very sad crowd of girls stood together for the last time at the "Overlook." There were no farewell shouts, as we meant there should have been. A sound very like a sob was in the air, and though the sunlight streamed over hill and valley, it seemed dark to us. We could not smile, and we were very quiet as we pressed each others' hands and mournfully went away.

So ends the story of '97.

ALICE BOSTWICK BUCK, '97.





The Pansy Garten.

ANOTHER school-year has passed, and in the course of events many things have taken place within the Pansy Garten. When we returned in the Fall our newly elected officers assumed their responsibilities, and sadly missing the old faces, we all began our work. Just what that work has been we cannot say. Now as the closing days have come, we look back a little regretfully, and wonder if the Pansy has been the power in our school we mean to make it !

An unusual proportion of the graduating class have been "within the walls," and the Garten has now a "local habitation," as well as "a name," for this year the Pansies have come into possession of a room entirely their own ; and on the same balcony, where in 1892 the Pansy Garten started, and the seven celebrated Charter members signed their names, the Garten met in the moonlight this year for their farewell Geheimness. For the old "Wigwam" has traveled up the hill, and settled itself cosily among the evergreens on Hickory Hearth, and now above the noisy bowling-alleys we

discuss our mysteries, find rest and refreshment beyond the ken of the ordinary mortal, and a fascinating center, dear to the hearts of "the elect."

But five new girls have been taken "over the wall" since October, '97, while many have been eligible. These five have proved themselves worthy of the Pansy name, and why there have been no more initiations is a secret known only to the Garten. Therefore, my inquiring friends, do not let your curiosity lead you to question further. Had you been on Hickory Hearth on any of the five memorable occasions you might have heard many and awful sounds, but no solution of the problem is offered. To quiet your nerves, however, we will say that the victims escaped without serious injuries, and of course are ready to accept your congratulations.

The charitable work undertaken by the Garten this year was the making of aprons, petticoats, etc., for Mr. Hunter's mission store at Raleigh, North Carolina. We rather pride ourselves on our power in the "needle line." Why really, you could tell at a glance the intention of each article. Sometimes the sleeves waved defiance toward the back of the garment, when they should have tended stylishly toward the front, and occasionally the bands on those endless petticoats made "geometrical revolutions" that even the Seniors could not comprehend, but the stitches – oh! well, verily—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever!"

The Pansy Benefit was a most charming program, consisting of recitations by Miss Hilliard, of New York, and was much enjoyed by all. The money which was obtained

was used to increase our yearly offering to the Church, this year a substantial set of choir stalls in solid mahogany.

Our last Fireside meeting was held at Lazy Lodge, Lake Waramaug, where, as usual, a most tempting lunch was served on our arrival. As the weather was lovely, the drive there and back was delightful, and taking all in all the day proved to be one full of pleasure.



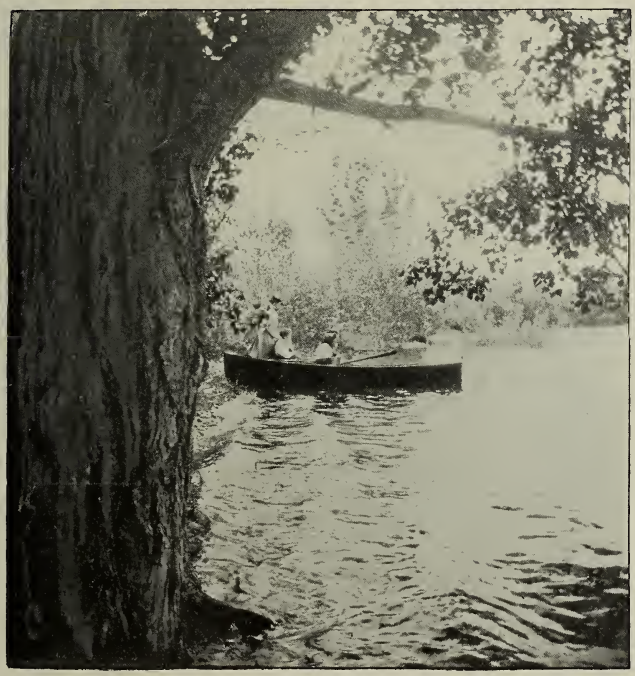
LUNCHEON AT LAZY LODGE.

Our Gesells are widely scattered now, three being across the ocean. Now and then we hear faint rumors of engagements, and some have already entered the holy bonds of matrimony.

A delightful scheme is the Midwinter Geheimness to welcome the Gesells, to be held each year in February. Even as we clasp each others hands in the farewell Grip,

we seem to hear that welcome—we—who in a few days are to be school girls no longer. Neither snow drifts nor wintry winds shall daunt us, when the bugle-call for the return is sounded!

Pansy Day, June seventh, saw the election of officers



FISHING.

for the ensuing year. May they do their work as well as have those of '97, and bear as truly in their hearts the Pansy Motto:

"Tapfer ernst und treu."

SUSIE L. NELSON.

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HICKORY HEARTH.

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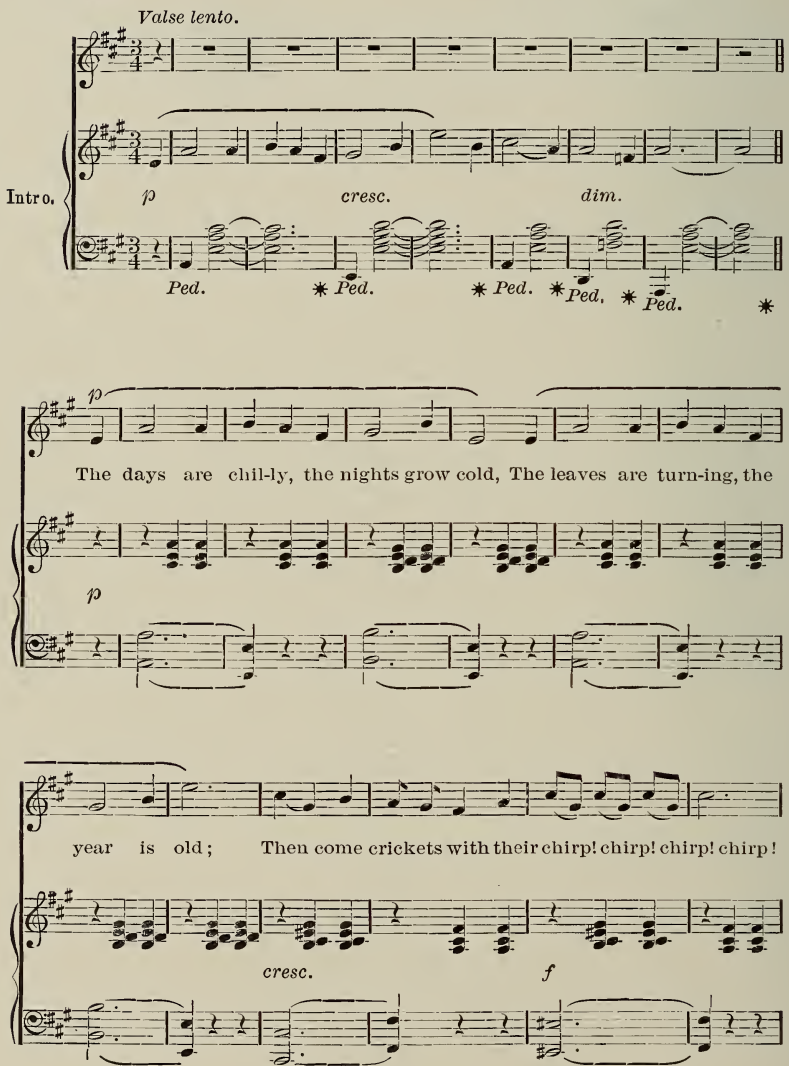
Song of the Crickets.

I.

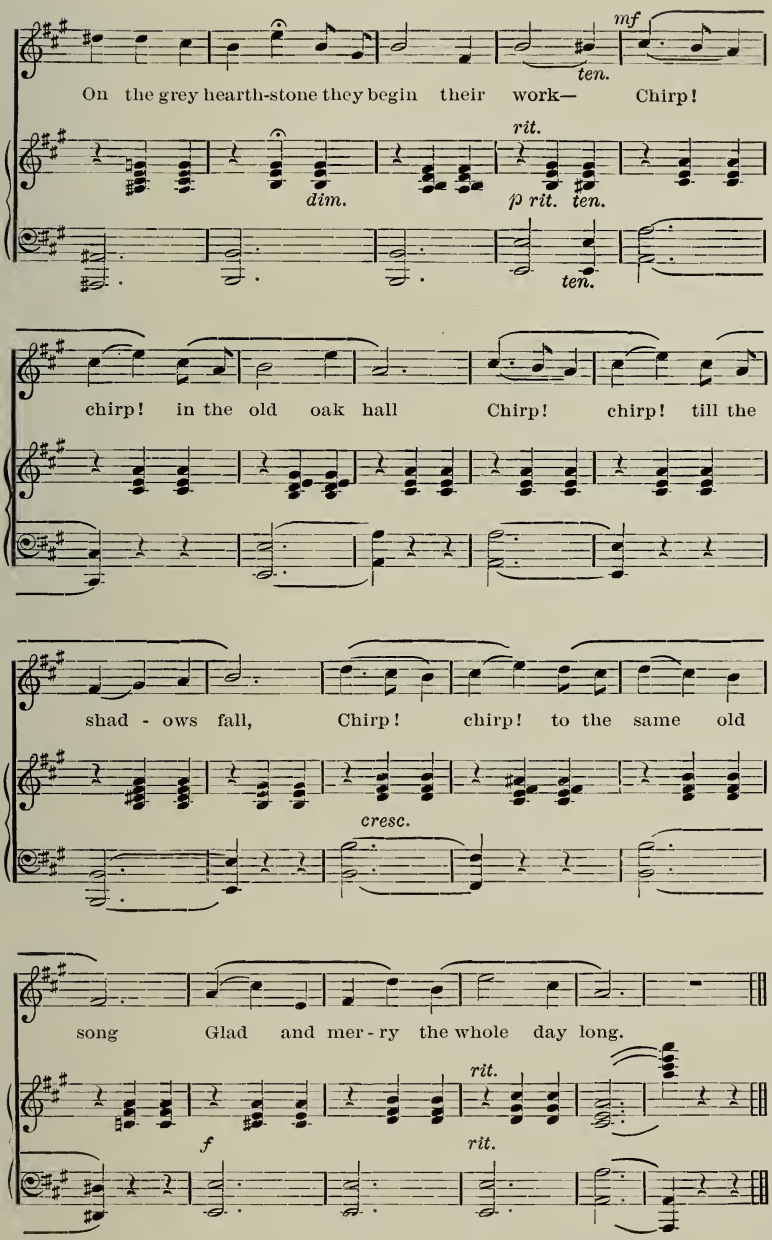
THE days are chilly,
The nights grow cold,
The leaves are turning,
The year is old;
Then come Crickets, with their chirp! chirp! chirp!
On the gray Hearthstone they begin their work.
Chirp! chirp! in the old Oak Hall,
Chirp! chirp! till the shadows fall,
Chirp! chirp! 'tis the same old song,
Glad and merry the whole day long.

THE CRICKET SONG.

S. S. B. EDWIN G. CLEMENCE.



THE CRICKET SONG.



II.

A northeast storm, and
The fire burns bright,
The big log crackles,
The Hearth is light.
Rafters ring with the shouts of girls,
The wild wind whistles and the snow cloud whirls.
Chirp! chirp! while the kettle sings,
Chirp! chirp! while the laughter rings,
Chirp! chirp! till the tale is told,
And the Hearth grows cheery as the night grows cold.

III.

A Slumber Fairy, in
The bursting sparks!
Chirps grow sleepy, the Hearth grows dark,
Bright heads droop in the drowsy gloom,
And a stillness deep fills the shadowy room.
Chirp! chirp! in a quiet hush,
Chirp! chirp! while the glad thoughts rush—
Thoughts of home, like a summer stream,
Gleam and glisten in the maiden's dream.

IV.

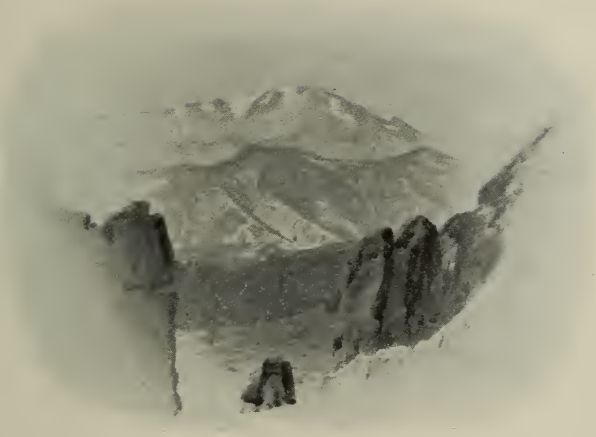
The big log blackens,
The fire is done,
Buds are bursting,
The June days come.
Then the dear, dear Crickets sing their farewell song,

And the Hearth is dreary when the days are long,
Chirp! chirp! in a far off home,
Chirp! chirp! while the mem'ries come,
Mem'ries sweet of an old Oak Hall,
When the world seemed waiting for the Cricket's
call.





"Cheer."



PIKE'S PEAK.

Chirp First.

October to Thanksgiving.

PIKE'S PEAK fading away in the distance, brown prairies stretching ahead, and on the eastward-bound express, with her face pressed against the window-pane, sits a maiden all forlorn. With an aching heart she takes her last look at the twinkling lights of the little city close against its mighty sentinel, the train swings round a curve, and the Colorado home is but a memory.

A confused glimpse of Boston, with its historic associations, the seaside, and vast New York, and the "merry little mountain maid" steps off the Berkshire train into a sleepy New England village. In the twilight of the October evening she catches but a hurried impression of the old village street and the quiet cottages on Terrace Place, when an iron-bound door swings open, and she stands



REX, OF HICKORY HEARTH.

face to face with "Hickory Hearth"! Her home it must be for the winter, a prison, in a way, it had seemed when in the distance. Now a wide hospitable hearthstone breaks upon her view, a big oak hall and stairway lighted by the blazing log, a hostess with a cordial greeting, and a beautiful white setter who tucks his nose into her hand in friendly welcome. The new "Cricket" has

a queer feeling as she sees her room, as she dines and talks, and then sleeps in the new quarters, a feeling only, for she is too tired for thought, and the first night slips by.

Breakfast in a colonial dining-room, where she is placed opposite a wide western window and expected to enthuse over a view of "New Milford's Mountains." Mountains indeed! With Pike's Peak fresh in her mem-



FROM THE DINING-ROOM WINDOW.

ory they seem but little "foot-hills," and who can be impressed by a row of *foot-hills*, pretty though they be?

A day of glimpses and introductions, and in the evening a crowd—a host of girls all coming at once, all eager to welcome the strangers to Ingleside. Night comes again, and with a brain dizzy with many new faces and names, she falls into a disturbed slumber, broken

by visions of home and the dear familiar sights. Colorado waterfalls are rushing through her brain and Rex, the setter dog, seems mysteriously to change into a well-known western "Burro" she has left behind. A bewildering mass of faces surge in a restless wave before her, and a pile of names lie at her feet, while with angry gestures the faces demand their names, and she struggles vainly to connect them! The dream is terrible, and with a sigh of relief consciousness returns, and she awakens to enter upon the duties that are to be hers through the long winter months.



THE COLORADO "BURRO."

Many pleasant times came between October third and Thanksgiving. The bonfire, the german, the Hallowe'en party, the first fireside, the picnic at the lake, and innumerable talks and walks, bicycle rides, and drives, with new-found friends. These, with all the girls at Ingleside, while in the Crickets' own domain, grew up a quiet home life. The third story of Hickory Hearth became really theirs, with its pretty white bedrooms and the Delft blue study all their own. Here they did their work when school hours were over—here they chirped in solo or chorus, "*à la Française*," with Mlle., and later, after good-nights were said, gathered about the table, "*en dishabille*," and ate gingerbread and drank Jersey milk.

Down stairs, the Crickets four, became an important part of the Hickory Hearth family. Guests came; they received and helped to entertain them; the travel class and the bowling parties occupied many of their evenings, and there were quiet nights, too, when the wind blew, and the rain fell, and they sat about and on the big hearthstone and listened to some story or some poem while the hickory logs blazed. Sunday evenings, with the kettle boiling and the chafing dish in the foreground, not always the four Crickets and the Mistress of the Hearth alone, but a cozy circle and a buzz of happy voices often. Always everywhere the "Chirp! Chirp!" of the Crickets who made Hickory Hearth their home. So passed the first division of the school year, the first "Chirp" of the Crickets, and on the afternoon of November twenty-third all Ingleside met at the depot to say as affectionate farewells as if the parting were to be for years instead of days.

REGINA E. LUNT.





Chirp Second.

Thanksgiving to Christmas.

ALL through the warm Autumn the Hickory Hearth Crickets chirped and chirped. Sometimes the song was merry, sometimes a little sad, a queer little minor chirp with a thought of home in it, but on the whole we were a merry quartet even in those first days.



A Colorado Waterfall.

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The weeks we had thought would be so long slipped by and the Thanksgiving holidays were at hand. Miss Hill replied to questions innumerable as to ways and means of travel, and after the usual hurry, bustle, and good-bys, Ingleside was once more restored to its customary quiet. An unusual quiet, for three days of holiday life had begun, and we who did not go home, Crickets included, settled down to enjoy together a good time at the school.

Thanksgiving day dawned brightly and would have been perfect but for the lack of snow devoutly desired by the southern girls, who seem to think we should live in perpetual snow banks. Many were the boxes received, and what good things came out of them! Real old-fashioned cooking from the land of Dixie, such fruit cake, and beaten biscuit as only a southern mammy knows how to make, and a variety of goodies from all the distant homes.

The joy of being able to feast and give "spreads" only the school girl knows. As for candy the mails were full of boxes, and Miss Rinker seemed to be constantly distributing boxes of Huyler. One does not know what might have happened had not Mother Hunt come to the rescue from time to time, with her careful restrictions as to quantity.

The dear old Bobolink held one girl who was too ill to go home, but when her mother arrived to care for her we did not pity Jane any more.

Mrs. Black kindly put the bowling alley at our disposal; there fun raged fast and furious, even the teachers

joined in the games and rejoiced over numerous "strikes" and "spares." Evening after evening we played, and then weary, but happy, we wended our way down the hill.

In spite of the merry times it was hard for the one poor Cricket, "left," in a way, deserted by her sisters, and forced to seek warmth and society at Ingleside. For the Cricket family like best to chirp on their own Hearthstone, and usually go down to Ingleside for study and class-work only. But, at last, Monday came, and Mrs. Black and the girls came back, the big log crackled in the fire-place on the Hill, and we were all at home again.

Then came weeks of study. Snow and ice came, too. The river froze over and the skating-pond, and the Crickets had special privileges in skating parties under the care of Mr. Draper.

We remember a "fireside" one cold December night, with a bright fire and a bright program, too, and we remember visitors and bowling parties, and quiet little dinners at which the Cricket family assisted.

A last year's Cricket returned for a visit, and there was great rejoicing at "the Hearth." Even the horses in the stable seemed glad, and Rex deserted his mistress for a time, to give her welcome.

One sleighride stands out as a never-to-be-forgotten pleasure. A large sleigh, with a strong team of grays, and our faithful John as driver. Eight girls and a teacher, and a bewildering jingle of bells. A white night, with a white full moon in the heavens, and a white world below.

Across the river, and over miles of hard-packed road we went, through the Merryall woods, and back by Boardman's bridge. Many were the songs that were



CRICKET OF '96.

sung and the stories told. After leaving the girls at Ingleside, the Crickets drove up the hill, and the door opening, presented one of those pictures that neither pen

nor brush can portray. The lights were out, and a wood-fire on the Hearth bade us welcome. Shadows and streaks of firelight stretched over the dark oak hall. There was luncheon and hot cocoa, and we were warm and merry. A strange witchery is thrown over our friends and us by our glorious fire, and many



Merryall Woods.

pleasant memories cluster about the Cricket's fireside.

Wintry days sped on, with work and pleasure, and as the Holly, Hemlock, and Laurel began to pile up around the Church door, and the Christmas carols and the Christmas chimes were in the air, vacation came, and the second chirp was over.

Adelaide K. Richmond.



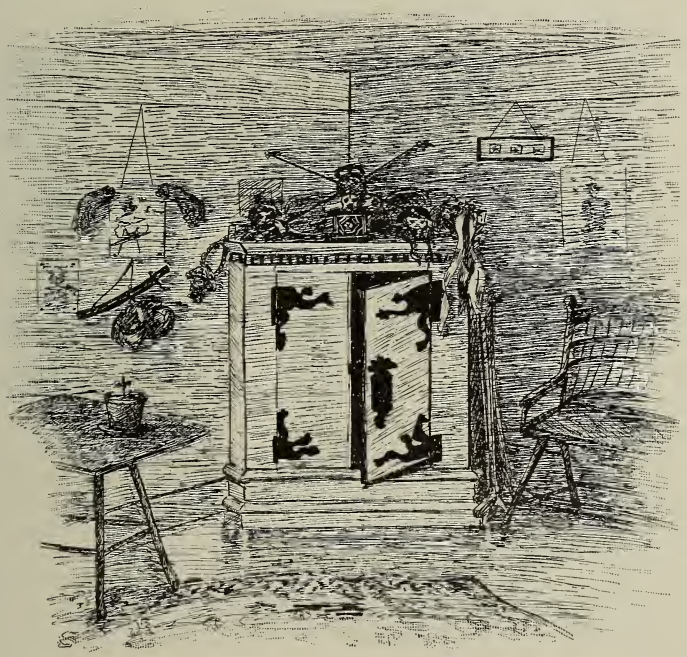
Chirp the Third.

Christmas to Easter.

AFTER the vigorous chirping of two such competent Crickets, I am afraid my feeble effort will not be heard, but if from among the clovers you hear a tiny voice whispering, please listen, for it is Cricket number 3, and if you hear me chirping the same tune in a different key, oh take pity on me and pass it over, for they took all the thunder and left the lightning for me and I cannot

even catch it long enough to get a "kodac." The others chirped of our life on the hearthstone with the red glare of the firelight. I will take you up the stairs one turn to the left and up another flight and you are under the soft rays of "the moon." It is a big electric light in an opaque shade, but it is called "the moon," and its light is controlled by us and the electric light man, for we call over the banister to the last "Cricket" up the stairs, "Turn off the moon, please," and with her assistance the moon goes out and the select four who form our "Krickets Klub" go down the hall and into that awe-inspiring room and partake of milk and our honored friends "Saltines." Did you ever eat a saltine? Well, it is an oblong cracker very dry, crumbly, and salty, and one saltine makes one so thirsty that the generous pitcher of milk is greatly diminished before some one says, "I can't eat another one, girls, I am going to bed, come on." No one pays any attention, particularly her room-mate, who pretends not to observe her stately and deeply injured manner of leaving, then with a weary yawn goes another "Cricket," and two "Hickets" so called, who love to hear their own voices lifted in musical duet, stay behind. Now that those two same Crickets who chirp first even here, are gone, we have our chance and our tongues, silent perforce in their presence, start; and our affairs, the school affairs, and who knows but your affairs, are most solemnly and thoroughly discussed. But we are only human Crickets (though it has been hinted that our habit of sitting up late has been owlish and wicked in the extreme) and at last we uncurl from our unartistic but

very comfortable position, turn out the light and leave the cozy little club, with its walls covered with brilliant posters, tennis rackets, fencing foils, and all manner of charming decorations. The little colored boy whose hat when lifted discloses a cracker jar ; Napoleon, the pin



The Krikets' Klub.

cushion ; and the skull of that same glorious person when he was a baby ; are left in the darkness. My last glance rests lovingly on a very small green shoot in a very large red earthenware pot called half in courtesy but more in chilling sarcasm (perhaps that is why it doesn't grow)

"Varina's Orange Tree." I am proud of that orange tree! I ordered it from one of those fascinating but deceptive flower books, and the dear little thing came in a roll of brown cardboard just like a newspaper; and some day I expect to pick oranges from it and I am going to eat them right before the eyes of those same scoffing Crickets.

I always fall asleep as soon as my head touches the pillow, so it seems as if I had been there but a second when I am conscious of a thundering noise; I awake with a start to find the maid knocking gently and repeating in a persuasive but at the same time firm voice: "It's time to get up, young ladies, it's time to get up." "What time is it?" I ask, and then wait to hear her say: "Twenty minutes past seven." "Well—er—what time do we have breakfast," and poor Gussie answers just as she has answered all winter on these occasions: "Eight o'clock, miss," and then that patient girl goes across the hall to repeat the same conversation with another sleepy Cricket. How we get ready and rush downstairs is all merged in a drowsy mist, but I do remember and I do not think any of us could ever forget, the bright good morning and the sweet smile that is always ready alike, for the good little Cricket who is down on time and the one who dashes in just as the last sweet but warning tone of our chimes dies out with a little sob on the end for the late ones.

We have a board walk of our own that leads down in the direction of school, but does not bridge over about a hundred yards of the muddiest mud it has ever been my lot to meet Well, to begin at the beginning, which is

the house, we start out for school with a terrible wind simply shoving us down the hill. The board walk is covered with frost and the sun quite ignores it, until later. I have heard of feet unwilling to go to school, but they did not belong to Hickory Hearth Crickets, for though our hearts cling madly to the warm hearthstone, our feet



After the Mud is Gone.

cling madly to nothing, and one able to walk in safety down that slippery path is simply a human fly! The mud before-mentioned is now to be overcome. Ton upon ton of caramels nicely softened, with all the sticking quality remaining in, is the only thing I can think of to com-

pare it to; if that mud was dried and then sifted, you could make a fortune selling the rubber shoes you would find in it.

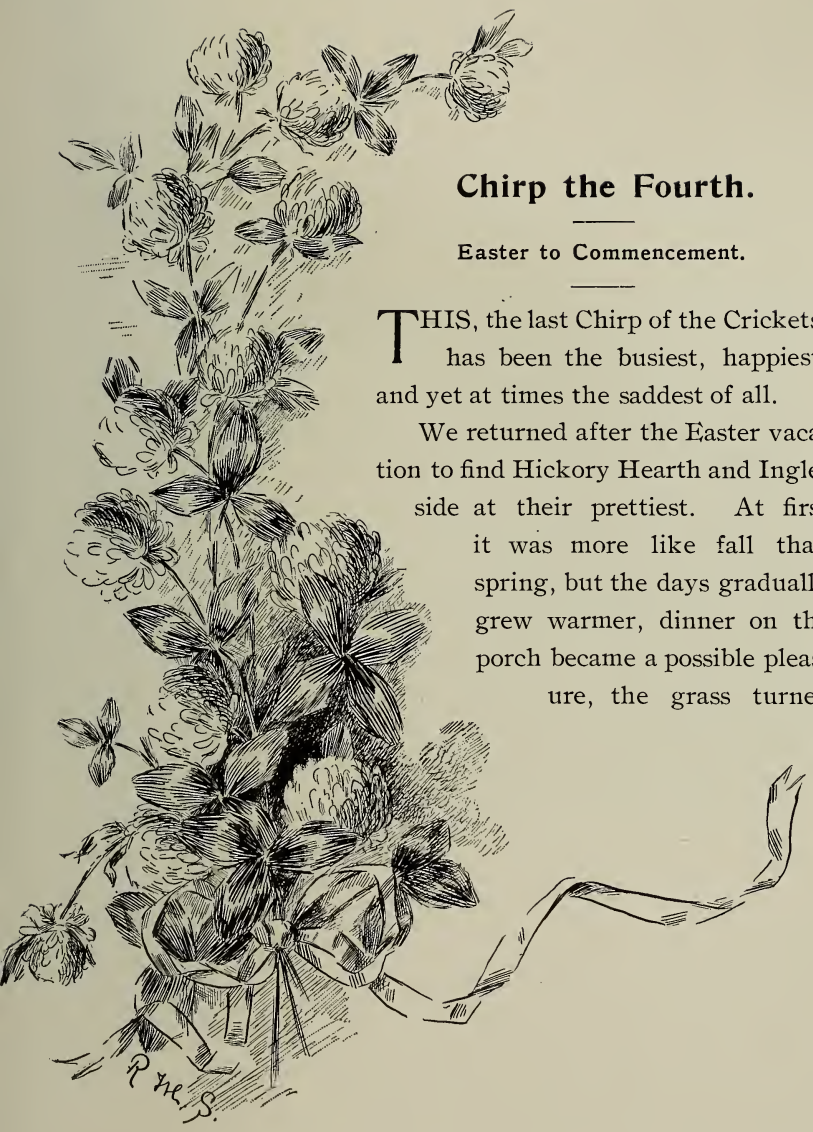
Then comes the Senior walk, which means another mild slide, and you are comparatively safe, for school is almost reached. Do you wonder that the Crickets dread the walk to school?

The happenings there do not belong in a Cricket's Chirp, for a Cricket's story should be of doings on the hill-top only; a song of "Cheer" mingled with the crackling of the logs upon the hearth.

What befell us in the months allotted me would fill more space than is allowed, if I wrote the quiet story of our quiet home life; and as I think it over at the end, I say, with Feuillet,

"*Hereux ceux qui n'out pas d'histoire!*"

VARINA H. D. HAYES.



Chirp the Fourth.

Easter to Commencement.

THIS, the last Chirp of the Crickets, has been the busiest, happiest, and yet at times the saddest of all.

We returned after the Easter vacation to find Hickory Hearth and Ingleside at their prettiest. At first it was more like fall than spring, but the days gradually grew warmer, dinner on the porch became a possible pleasure, the grass turned

green and began to grow, and John, with the new lawn mower, was one of the Crickets' entertainments. So many things happened in these few weeks that it is useless to attempt to mention all.

All the Crickets, like every one else, enjoyed the Pansy Benefit, which was the first entertainment given



TRYING THE LAWN MOWER.

after vacation. Then came the closing dance of the Dancing School, in which at least two of the "Crickets" were deeply interested. Following that, the day spent at Lake Waramaug. It was this Cricket's first glimpse of "Lazy Lodge," and what a beautiful glimpse it was! The dear little red cottage nestling among the

trees, on the bank of the lake, which winds and curves almost like a river !

It is too bad not to be able to mention in detail all the exciting baseball games at which we have assisted; especially the picnic-game at Washington, when Mr.



WATCHING THE GAME.

Everest kindly entertained us. But the praises of these will undoubtedly be sung by others, as these were joys in which all Ingleside participated, and were not the Crickets' especial property.

In fact the Crickets' life during this last "Chirp"

has been more with the other girls than before. We have had, not fewer joys at home, but more abroad.

Examinations were "too numerous to mention" during the week before Commencement, and many an evening did the weary Crickets burn the midnight oil. For although Ingleside maidens may laugh, Crickets do study —sometimes.



In the Twilight.

Commencement time and "Alumnæ" came with a rush —but even in the general hurry we Crickets had one quiet evening, which I am sure none of us will ever forget. Then, in the Sunday twilight, we formed ties which I hope may never be broken, and with the memory of the loving kindness and helpfulness of our dear "Mistress of the Hearth" may we go forth faithful to our watch-

word of "Cheer." One of the wonders of this spring-time has been the clover. Acres of it in full bloom; such gorgeous blossoms as can be found nowhere else abounded on the Hickory Hearth fields. We gathered



THROUGH THE CLOVER.

it, we painted it, we waded knee deep through it, and we chose it as the Crickets' flower.

Seven of the old graduates came the Saturday before Commencement, and the Hearth was filled with laughter, mingled with the groans of one poor "Alumna" who

was forced to write a poem. Then it commenced to rain, and unable to alter the weather we wandered disconsolately about in "Tailor-suits" and rubbers, instead of floating gayly, as we had intended, in our organdies and slippers.

The entertainments of Commencement passed off nicely, and every one was happy, except perhaps the Seniors, who could not but think how soon they were to leave their Alma Mater and their Overlook. However, even the Seniors brightened up at the dance Thursday night, which was a jolly ending to a merry week.

On Friday all the visitors at the Hearth and one Cricket left, and the other three Crickets mournfully gathered together their precious possessions and, one by one, sorrowfully went away.

Thus ends the Cricket Chirps for '96–'97.

How much, though, has been left unsaid!

All the happenings on the third floor and around the Hearth Stone could never be chronicled anywhere, save in the Crickets' memories.

We four, two good Crickets and two naughty ones, that have lived through the year so happily, will always have little things to remember, which can only be interesting to the members of the Hearth family.

Oh what jolly times my naughty sister "Hicket" and I have had, in the little den, after the two sleepier and wiser Crickets had sought sweet slumber. Then for fear of the warning voice of Mademoiselle, saying, "*Allez vous concher, Mesdemoiselles*," we have in low tones told stories weird, funny, and otherwise, and invented witty

sayings which would undoubtedly be appreciated if published.

Our poor room-mates, I fear, suffered in the cause of brilliancy, being unable to sleep while we were happy. But then, Adelaide revenged herself most gloriously by rising with the sun in the morning, and like the lark, joyfully caroling.

"All good things must have an end," and so our pleasant life at Hickory Hearth has ended for this year. But let us hope that next winter our old haunts will know us once more, and "Rex" and his mistress will welcome us with one-half the pleasure with which we will greet them again. SARAH UPSON GOODRICH.

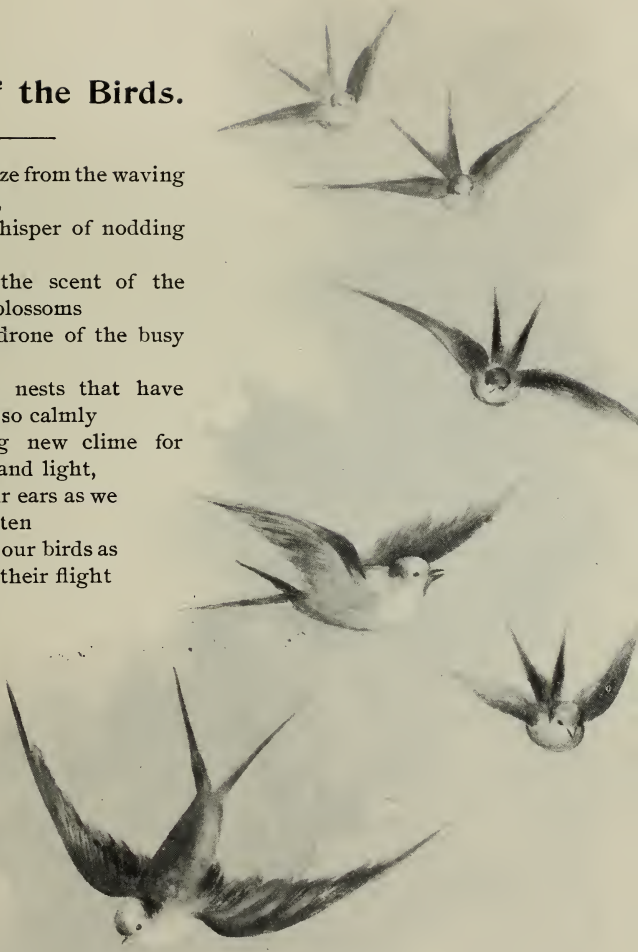


CRICKETS IN THE SUN.

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Flight of the Birds.

Over the breeze from the waving
meadows,
Over the whisper of nodding
trees,
Along with the scent of the
fragrant blossoms
Above the drone of the busy
bees,
Coming from nests that have
sheltered so calmly
Ere seeking new clime for
their life and light,
Is borne to our ears as we
stop to listen
The song of our birds as
they take their flight





The Cottage.

FAREWELL, farewell, O Cottage !
Thy brief, bright day has died.
We march with sound of triumph
To a new Ingleside.
And those who come hereafter
Shall never stand without
Thy doors and to thy glory
Uplift their glad'ning shout.

Nor never shall they linger
With hearts that loved thee well,
The story of their Cottage,
Its woes and joys to tell.
May those who dwelt within thee
Have lives as bright and free
As the old happy moments
They spent content with thee.

L'envoi.

Then farewell, farewell, Cottage !
Our loving tribute calls
Before we part forever
One blessing on thy walls.

SALLY PETERS, '93.



The Hall.

ROUND its broad sides the vines, caressing, cling;
Faint, 'neath its roof, echoes of laughter sing,
Tuning the memories Time's children bring,
Seven swift years.

Dusk all around, and dusk above, below,
Save where, to westward, hills their shadows throw
Clear-cut and dark against the after glow.
Seven swift years.

Peer through the open door ! Do visions rise ?
Sacred to me are some, and mine the eyes
That may alone behold what therein lies—
Seven swift years.

Other glad scenes, old mate, you may recall.
We may not see the same, yet will the Hall
Find in its depths a nook, a place for all.
Seven swift years.

Tapping of dancing feet that mount the stair,
Scratching of pens—visions of faces fair—
Eyes, blue, gray, dark, lit by the ingle flare.
Seven swift years.

Voices that rise and fall beneath the eaves,
Clink of the glass from yonder room—the leaves
Rustling—each sound a hundred fancies weaves—
Seven swift years.

Seven swift years, and each their changes wrought
Within this house, but even ever brought
Unto its breast one peaceful, changeless thought—
Seven swift years.

All in the twilight soft, the darkness gray,
While anthems speeded fair the parting day,
Reverent, kneeling maidens used to pray,
Seven swift years.

Ay, let the Hall such vision sacred hold,
Known to each heart its walls did e'er enfold,
Known unto all that here the hours have told
Seven swift years.

Now for the good, the glad, all that befell
Hours of the growing time in which we dwell
When all is young, thank God, and so farewell!
Seven swift years.

JEAN LEE HUNT, '94.



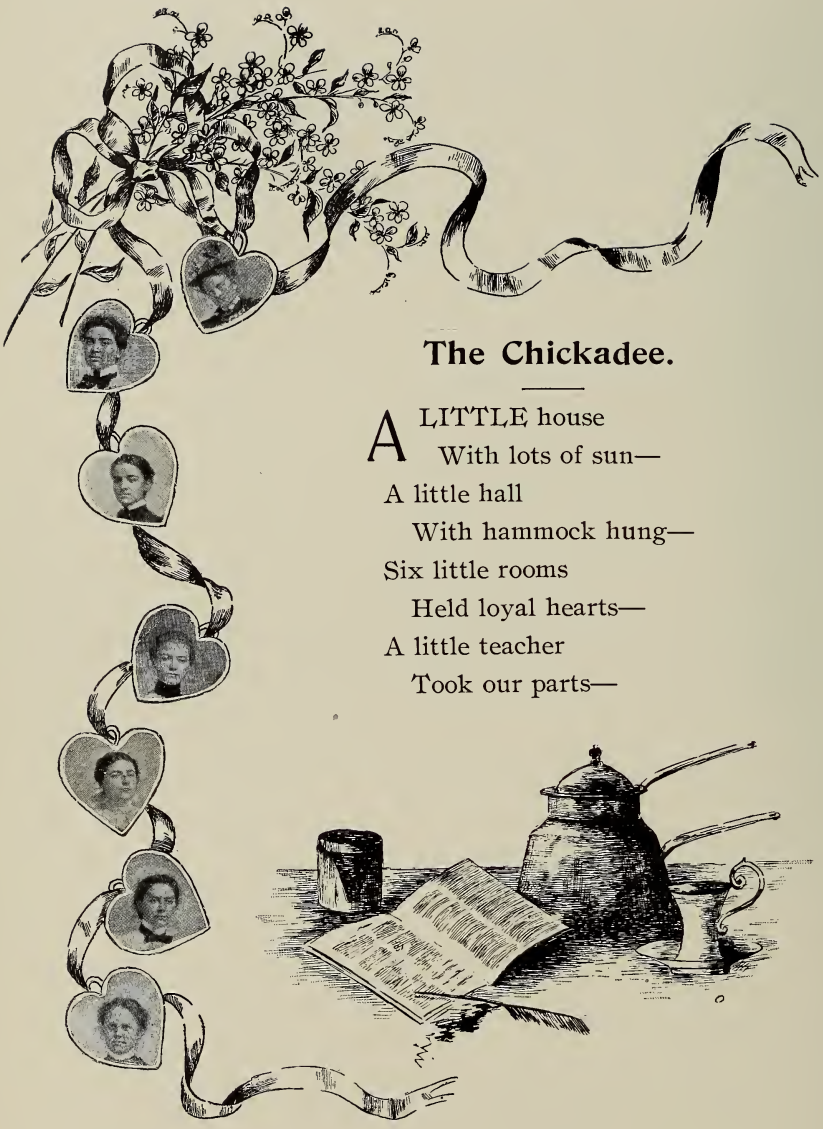
The Studio.

BRIGHT'NING, cheering, whate'er befalling,
Studio "times" and ways
Come to us as we stand recalling
All of the dear old days.
Days, dear house, when you held art's treasures,
Days that recall sweet fireside pleasures,
Days that hath held Life's tuneful measures,
Mem'ry will hold always.

Sounds of mirth, of youth's joy and laughter,
Echoes of girlish din,
Floated out by each beam and rafter
From joyous hearts within.
Sounds of the life we were always hearing.
Sounds of the loudest, bravest cheering,
Sounds of the voices with naught of fearing,
Touches and makes us kin.

Though we Studio girls may wander
Over Earth's broad estates,
Far off now in the mansions yonder
One of us watches, waits.
Still the long years will be only binding,
Still the new scenes will be only finding,
Still the new life will be only minding,
Studio days and mates.

E. W., '93.



The Chickadee.

A LITTLE house
With lots of sun—
A little hall
With hammock hung—
Six little rooms
Held loyal hearts—
A little teacher
Took our parts—

A little nook
We called our den—
A little clan
That ruled the pen—
A little sheet
We called "The Sparks"—
A little work
To raise our marks—
A little group
"Right up to date"
Gigantic minds
Of ninety-eight—
A little name
Remains of thee
Stamped on our hearts—
"The Chickadee."

CAROLINE ROBERTS, '98.



The Robin.

LONELY, sad, deserted Robin,
No more troops of girlish figures,
No more sounds of careless laughter,
No more shoutings, no more music,
Break the quiet that surrounds you.
Gone are all your happy tenants,
Even Ninety-six has left you,
Ninety-six your firm adherent,
With her strident O-we-wi-wow !

With the kitten for her mascot,
With her fun and with her fancies,
With her work and with her worries
Ninety-six, alas ! has left you !
Memories only cluster round you,
Fill the empty rooms and porches,
Floating down the hall and stairways ;
Memories of faithful friendships
Here begun and here cemented ;
Memories of midnight mischief
Here conceived, here executed.
Sadder memories of partings,
Partings it may be forever !
Nothing left of all but memories,
Do you wonder that we murmur,
Robin, you are sad, deserted,
Lonely, and no more the Robin.

DAISY SAILER, '96.



The Bindestrich.

WHERE happy groups of maidens strayed,
Where merry daughters worked and played,
Where laughter rung
When life was young,
Where aims began, and hopes were laid.

Where each and all must take a part,
Where muses met of ev'ry art,
The first to meet,
The last to greet,
The children of its hearth and heart.

There was each much enduring book,
There lay thy mystic realm, O cook !
There ev'ry day,
In brave array,
Our troops were drilled, with martial look.

There, when each fleeting year was o'er,
We crowded to the big Dutch door,
A happy throng,
With flow'rs and song,
To say "Godspeed" to those before.

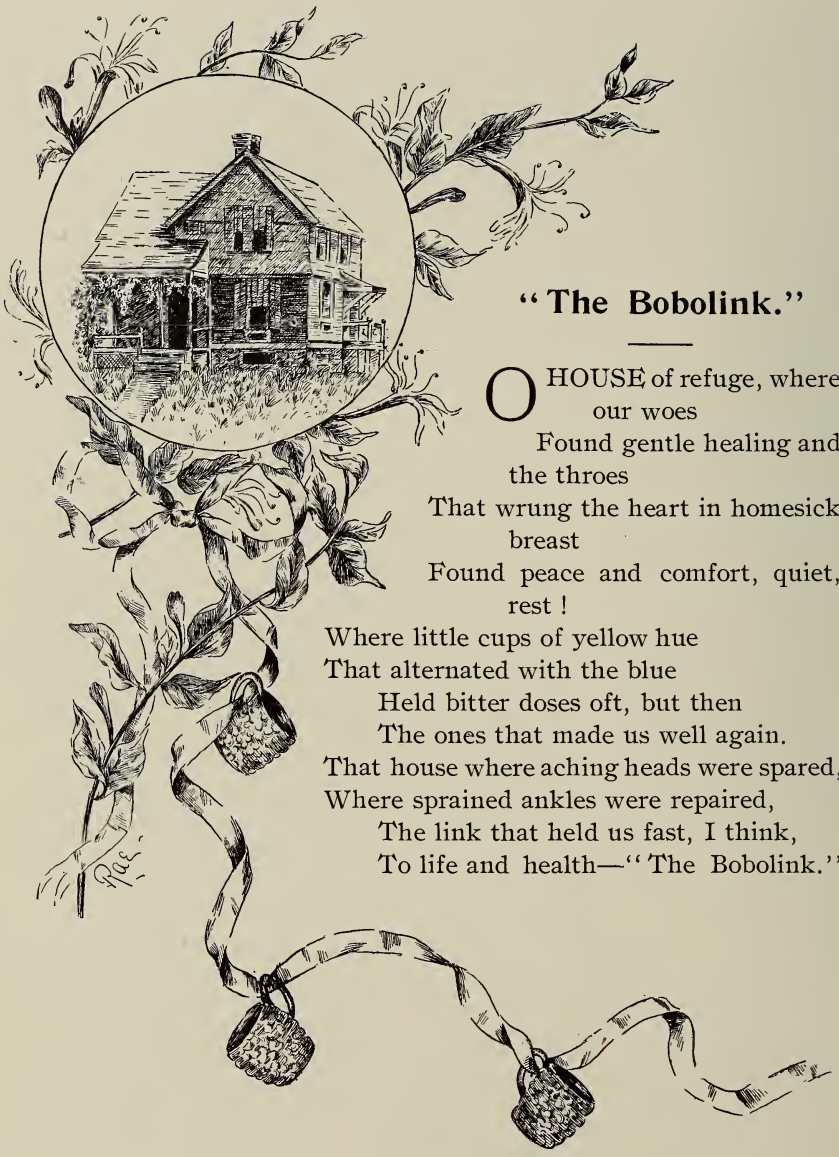


THE INGLESIDE SCHOOL.

MRS. WM. D. BLACK, PATRONESS

O "Link" that bound, in charmed chain,
Each unto all, thou shalt remain
A link of gold,
A link to hold
Thy children, when they come again.

J. L. H.



"The Bobolink."

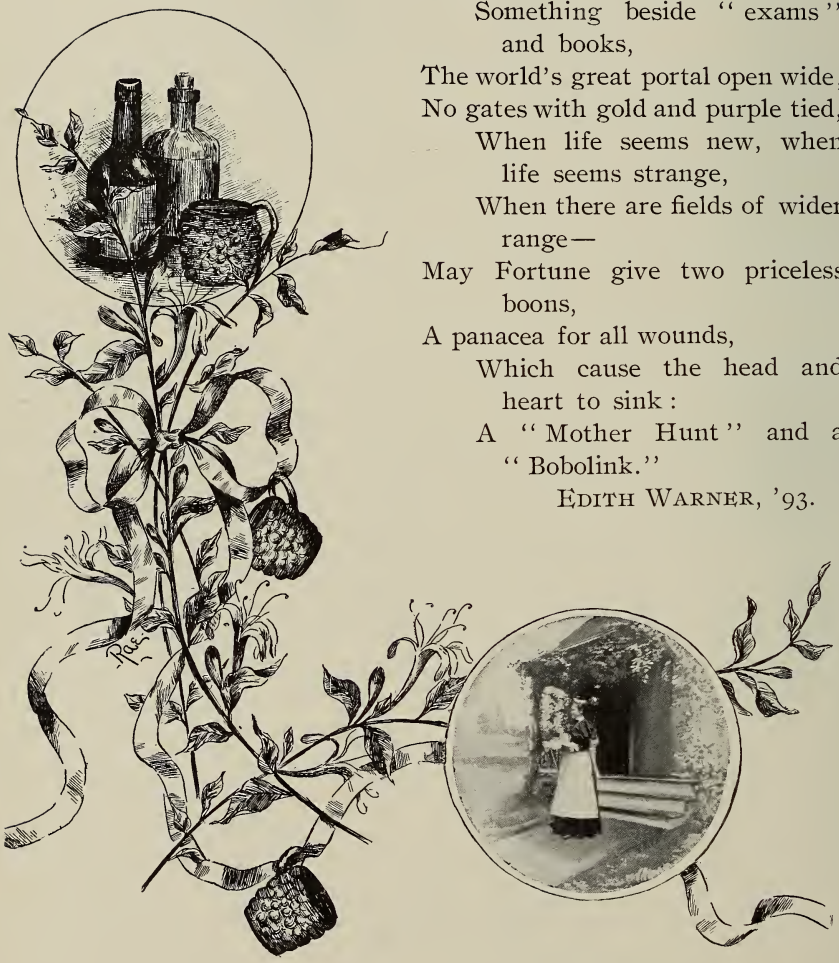
O HOUSE of refuge, where our woes
Found gentle healing and the throes
That wrung the heart in homesick breast
Found peace and comfort, quiet, rest!
Where little cups of yellow hue
That alternated with the blue
Held bitter doses oft, but then
The ones that made us well again.
That house where aching heads were spared,
Where sprained ankles were repaired,
The link that held us fast, I think,
To life and health—"The Bobolink."



Dear "Mother Hunt" reigned here supreme
From very first. Her gentle mien,
Her kindly touch, her soothing voice
Caused homesick maidens to rejoice.
Who else could so allay our fears,
Who else could quench our homesick tears!
She laughed when life seemed all a song,
She soothed when everything went wrong,
A pilot 'midst our rocks and "swirls,"
One ever ready for her girls,
Though oft they came, as was their wont;
In short, who was like "Mother Hunt"?

O, girls, when now the tale is done,
When you are going one by one,
When life holds for you thoughts and looks,
Something beside "exams" and books,
The world's great portal open wide,
No gates with gold and purple tied,
When life seems new, when life seems strange,
When there are fields of wider range—
May Fortune give two priceless boons,
A panacea for all wounds,
Which cause the head and heart to sink:
A "Mother Hunt" and a "Bobolink."

EDITH WARNER, '93.





"The Cuckoo."

O, VALIANT Cuckoo! 'Neath whose walls
In younger days we rested,
Thy mem'ry green shall ever be
Both fresh and unmolested.
Thou wast our home, Oh, cottage dear,
To which we turned in pleasure,
And sorrow did we ever share,
Though not in such great measure;

Except when other taller maids
Made us feel most dejected,
By calling thee the "Infants' Home,"
But time has that corrected.
'Twas here the Pansies blossomed first,
Here came unhappy debtors;
'Twas here we talked with distant friends,
And here received our letters.

And now, "O little Cuckoo house,"
By faithful John defended,
Thy children throng to say farewell,
Thy noble mission ended.
Throughout our earthly journeyings,
No matter where we all be,
Thy praise shall never leave our tongues,
Our hearts shall always laud thee.

SOPHIE BOUCHER, '98.



"The Overlook."

OUR hearts are filled with memories dear,
As here we stand this tenth of June,
And echoes of the past ring clear
Like harmonies of some sweet tune.

II.

With us began, with us doth end,
The hist'ry of thy senior ties.
We christened thee "The Overlook";
With our farewell, the title dies.

III.

Bright pictures of the life with thee
Are held and treasured every one,
By ten, who know and rev'rence well,
Thy worth, that is surpassed by none.

IV.

And so, O house of "Ninety-seven,"
That stands and overlooketh those
Who dwell below in meek estate,
We say farewell—thy portals close!

ISABEL NELSON SMITH, '97.



The Attic Studio.

SO much has been written about the Attic Studio, and its charms and attractions have so often been depicted in poetry and prose, that another word on the subject seems quite unnecessary. Yet we are beginning to realize, as time goes on, that the coming autumn, which will bring so many changes in the life at Ingleside, will witness among them the removal of the art-room from the Bindestrich to the new school building.

There are many interesting nooks and pleasant corners among the cottages at Ingleside. But I think that most of us will willingly admit that the Attic Studio heads the list. Tucked away up beneath the eaves, where the pattering of the rain makes sweet rhythm on the roof, it commands a most beautiful view of the surrounding hills. And with its low, sloping ceiling, its queer, irregular shape, its shelves laden with unique and

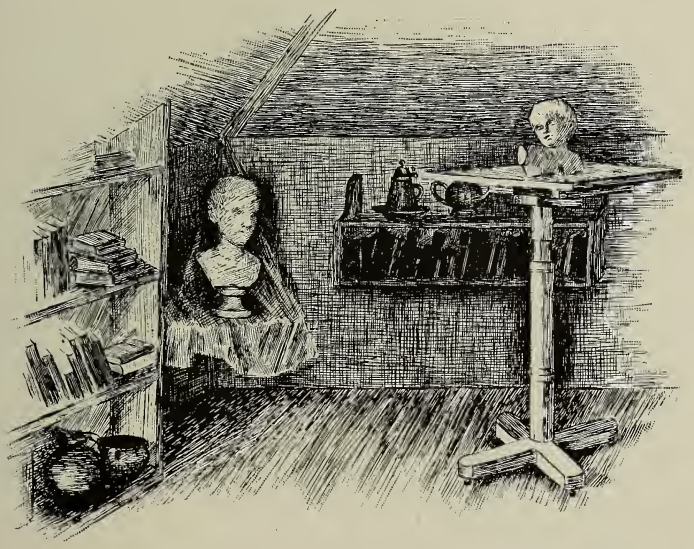


THE ATTIC STUDIO.

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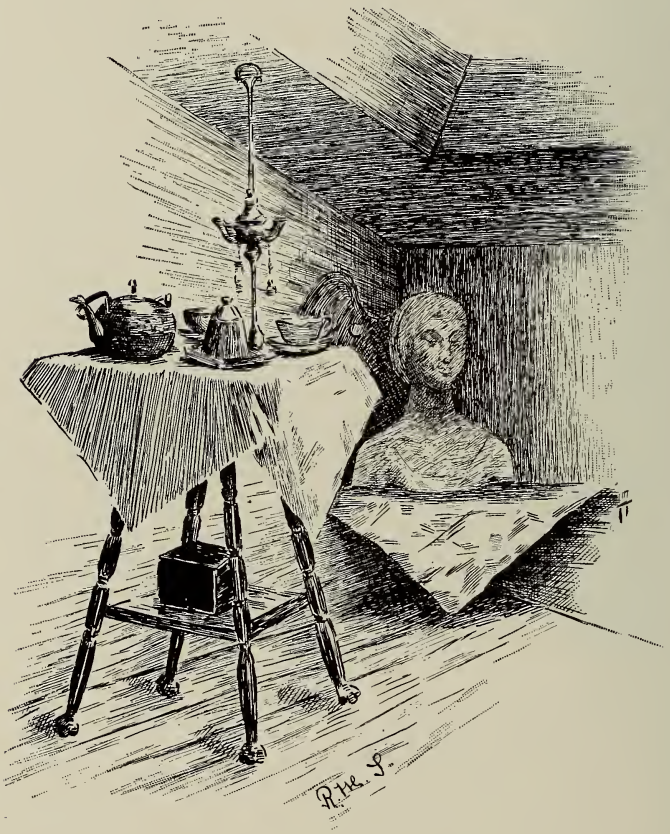
interesting souvenirs of many lands, it calls forth the admiration of the most casual visitor. From the exquisite bits of rare old brass and bronze, each a gem in itself, down to the grotesque little Chinese dolls, which lend a dash of brilliant color to the scene, each object seems to be set off to best possible advantage by its neighbor.

A new feature was introduced into the Studio shortly



after Christmas, the plan of working from draped models. And what exciting times we had, not only in capturing and persuading some unwary little boy or girl to pose for us a couple of hours, but in inducing them by various schemes and methods to come back again the next day! Peanuts, oranges, and sugar lumps, in fact every toothsome article that is dear to the juvenile

heart, we lavished upon them in dangerous profusion. To unfold a darksome secret, that I hope you won't repeat, I have an idea that these showers of sweetmeats



had more to do with the repeated absence of our models than all the other reasons and excuses combined.

In the morning still-life occupied our attention. We

drew all sorts of studies in which Miss Boyer's fascinating teapots and quaint little cups and saucers played an important part. And occasionally, by way of variety, we would turn our efforts to cast work, and attempt to transfer the subtle smile and inscrutable expression of the Unknown Lady to our charcoal paper. Impossible task! We found that we could not lift the impenetrable veil of mystery that enveloped her, and that our black and white sketches fell sadly short of being a likeness.



Prominent among the "Shalt Nots" of the Attic Studio stood out the rule which forbade the distribution of "arranged" still-life. Miss Buck shielded herself behind the protecting power of this severe regulation and painted the most tempting and alluring objects that mind can conceive. Bottles of luscious green olives, delicate lady-fingers, mandarins scattered carelessly about, were placed in enticing positions before our long-

ing eyes. Of course we didn't break the eighth commandment. But wasn't it funny how the olive bottle became uncorked? (Needless to say, it must have uncorked itself.) And how odd that those lady-fingers should "silently steal away" when Miss Boyer's back was turned! Some things in this world cannot be explained—these among them.



Next year the cosy little Attic Studio, with all its memories and associations, will be a thing of the past, and the art-room at the new school will quite eclipse the former in point of size and lighting. Of course the advantages of the beautiful new Studio are manifold, and there is no doubt but that work may be carried on more

favorably than hitherto. Yet the Attic Studio, with its quaint nooks and crannies, its dim, mysterious corners, its atmosphere of mingled work and pleasure, must ever be dear to the hearts of those who spent many happy hours within its walls.

RAE MORTIMER SEYMOUR.



The Evolution of Scottish Literature.

TRUER is it perhaps of Scottish Literature than of most others, that in its earliest state it has assumed that literary form which we call the ballad ; the subjects of which it treated being the knightly adventure, chivalric and wonderful achievements.

How familiar to us is the picture of the minstrel wandering from court to court, inflaming the hearts of the people with courage and patriotism, thus creating a consciousness of national unity by one of the most potent of all medieval influences—the ballad.

In the great halls of those baronial strongholds, before the assembled household, would they recite romantic stories of love and war. And who can tell what youths were inspired with thoughts of great and noble deeds, that they too might accomplish and so immortalize their names in song and history.

With the decay of chivalry the ballad commenced to decline, but before its final downfall it reached the perfection of true feeling and sentiment in Scotland's greatest lyric poet.

Though more than fifty years have passed away, Burns's poems still continue to be enjoyed notwithstanding the wildest vicissitudes in which the poetic taste has

indulged. They are read more eagerly, more and more extensively, not only by literary men but by all classes. The sincerity and indisputable air of truth that prevades his writings appeals to the people, for he does not draw his inspirations from lands and scenes remote, but from the daisy at his feet. Burns appealed to mankind not only through his truth and sincerity, but because he infused into his works humanity's deepest aspirations. What a boon it would be to our own dear land had it such a liberty bell as Burns to sing out the notes of freedom and quicken the pulse of patriotism in the American breast. All the great monuments of literature are guide-posts pointing to a golden beyond, to be reached through the avenue of hope. For in no one does he believe there is not that divine spark which is inspired to higher and nobler works. And nowhere is the thought better expressed than in his poem "A man's a man for a' that."

As Burns reached the hearts of the people through the divine gift of poesy, so Scott awoke a responsive echo therein. He appealed to that which is elemental in the human character, namely, the love of adventure and of the story. Never until his time had the novel found its way to the humble cottage as well as to the lordly castle. But the Harp of the North was swept with so masterly a touch that it found welcome entrance in every breast. Since his time the novel has attempted to fathom almost every subject of human interest. We have been sated with the analytical, the metaphysical, and the psychological novel. The social problem has been discussed, and the past and future scrutinized to the verge of weariness,

until we are ready to cry, Oh ! for a return to the tale of adventure !

The day is near at hand when literature must return to the Greek love of truth and beauty. It must renounce the artificial for that sweet simplicity which has made the Greek literature immortal.

But not alone in the domain of romance have the Scotch maintained a conspicuous place, but in that literary form which we have been taught to denominate the essay have they likewise made an indelible impression upon the mind of mankind.

Carlyle was a man often misjudged, but possessing beneath a mask of sternness and indifference a noble and fiery soul, and yet must we not admit that it is he who has brought the essay to its highest point of perfection, and through its medium bequeathed to mankind some of the noblest symphonies of thought? In the "Sartor Resartus," under the disguise of a German philosopher, and on the homely topic of the philosophy of clothes, he has brought together much of the deepest speculation, the finest poetry, and the wildest humor which his or any other age has ever produced. It was an attempt to give to mankind a clearer insight into the wonderful possibilities of the human soul, and to emphasize that same sentiment which permeates the poem of Burns, already referred to, "A man's a man for a' that."

As regards history also, Carlyle has given us something absolutely unique. His history of the French Revolution is a grand collection of historical pictures painted

in "fire and darkness," and may authentically be pronounced the most lurid and vivid description of that stupendous event which has ever been written.

Carlyle exerted an incalculable influence upon the moral and intellectual destiny of the nineteenth century. In the opinion of many he has given a new turn to the whole of English thought and criticism and has imparted to the art of writing a nobler tone, inspired into it a profounder spirit. No one more than he can quicken the impulses of the young, no one lead them to richer sources.

A deep religious sentiment, a moral earnestness so characteristic of the Scotch, pre-eminently pervades the writings of Carlyle. For in the development of their religious instinct may not the Scotch be allowed to rank second only to the Hebrews? While this sentiment shines forth in both Knox and Carlyle, in Scott and Burns it was sweetened and refined by being blended with the poetic element.

Among various reasons that may be adduced to explain the potent influence of Scotch writers of to-day, may be stated the fact that there has been on their part, either consciously or unconsciously, a return toward that simplicity and truthfulness which are the requisites of beauty in style as in all things else.

In the literature of Scotland of to-day there is again the tale of adventure and the simple expression of the human heart in preference to the elaborate, illustrated so well in the works of Andrew Lang, J. M. Barrie, Robert Louis Stevenson, Ian Maclaren, Henry Drummond, and

others. Little need be said in criticism of these writers, for by their works they are being judged.

Some one has said "I know of no man who has such power of clutching the heart as Ian Maclaren," and in those few lines is found the character of his writings.

And how dear, perhaps to every one of us, and dear the wide world over, has become the name of Henry Drummond, who has shed so much of sweetness and light over the religious element in man, and of whom it may be truly said, "he that turneth many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Charles Reade, who was a devoted admirer of the Scotch and their literature, has said concerning them, "They are icebergs with volcanoes underneath; thaw the Scotch ice, which is of the coldest, and you shall get to the Scotch fires, warmer than any sun of Italy or Spain."

Does not all this strikingly illustrate the fact that at the bottom of all enduring work there must be a profound, emotional sub-stratum—a heart as well as head? And it is because of the deep-seated character of the emotional nature of the Scotch that they have accomplished so much.

Think for a moment what depth of feeling found utterance in the rugged language of that man Carlyle. Nor can I think of words either more vibrant with the thought of this great Scotchman or more appropriate to the present moment than these:

"It is to you, ye workers, that the whole world calls for more work and noblemen. To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, more worthy of God;

oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness. All martyrs and noblemen, and gods of one grand Host. Let him who is not of it hide himself; let him tremble for himself: stars at every button cannot make him noble. Will he not bethink himself? he too, is needed in the host! It were so blessed, valiantly to take place, and step in it, yea, thrice blessed for himself and for us all!''

WINNIBEL CLARKE, '97.



Mental Astigmatism.

MENTAL astigmatism we interpret as that defective vision of the mind which from time immemorial has hampered humanity in its struggle toward higher development and larger realization.

We may regard it as a universal misfortune, one unavoidable and inborn in the temperament of mankind, and a characteristic of that immaturity which the world is striving to outgrow.

This it is which dulls the minds of men to such an extent that despite the fact that humanity, for thousands of years, has been steadily gazing at its immeasurable surroundings, it is still too blind to read in nature the simple problem which must be written upon her countenance. Veiled, mysterious, and unapproachable in her hazy surroundings, she stands encircled by a throng of admirers, like a Mohammedan maiden, who deigns to lift a thickness of her drapery as a token of extreme favor only to those closest and dearest to her. It celebrates the appearance of new stars on the horizon of thought, such stars, for example, as Roentgen, Dr. Bose, or Signor Marconi, whose genius having accidentally generated some latent spark, intensifies that spark into immortal fire.

But that is a broad scope of imagination which con-

siders the whole world from a bird's-eye point of view, hence we must descend to a lower level, put on our mental spectacles and practice deduction.

Nordeau says, in his work on "Human Degeneration": "Humanity yearns for the beautiful and pleasing rather than for the facts of science. The emotional nature of man has played a more important part in the world than his intellect. If man's destiny, his moral condition, his education, his happiness, and his usefulness in the world were to be determined by his intellectual powers alone, the progress of the race would have been infinitely more slow than it has been."

May not this be confidently disputed? May it not even be contradicted? Have England, Europe, Asia, and Africa combined, during the ages of their existence, raised humanity to the standard which America alone has created during one short century and a half? And yet America's mind has been purely a practical and a scientific one. Possibly age may account for it all; their eyes are old and worn out, while ours are young and clear, and if incased at all in glasses, not in the clumsy smoked sort, but in lenses of precision neatly rimmed around with common sense. For there are eyes to the mind, as well as to the body, and very beautiful they are, but differing widely, colored respectively with impulse and judgment. We find the clearest vision where both are equally called into the field of action.

Occasionally we discover a case of "Both of her eyes are so pretty that each wants to look at the other," when their unhappy owner, instead of receiving a direct and

concise view of things, is hampered by cross or parallel lines, or by those revolving geometrical figures, which a rule of Ingleside concerning slang forbids my mentioning. He fails to see the point. Or if the point appears at all, it is because a conspicuously dark line of bigotry terminates in a decided splurge of visionary fanaticism.

Genius here becomes involved; talent blindfolds the mind, and after dragging it from one mysterious habitation to another, finally initiates it into a Utopia of its own eccentricities, where a rock is rolled against the gate, and pistols and coffee are on hand for any moment's emergency, when it may perchance have to come in contact with the outside world.

An inventor works his brains away on some great original enterprise, narrows his thoughts down into a monotonous rut, and invariably dies poor as a door-mouse, while his scheme lies dormant for another, one with broader conceptions, who sees it in another light to advertise and make invaluable. The spiritualist looks so far into the ethereal, the mysterious; he dwells so far above the world in thought that his vision is distorted; and, although his intentions are earnest and good, the views which he upholds are rather to be feared than followed.

Astigmatism, if you care to seek its meaning from Webster, is that focal defect of the eye by cause of which light is transferred to the brain in parallel lines. The physical vision is helpless without the aid of some exterior light; on the contrary, mental vision finds light within itself. Witticism is the brain's headlight; shin-

ing from the eye of impulse it illumines the intellect and fits it for practical purposes. It conceals faults under the cover of brilliancy, dazzles as sunlight, and gives to solid objects an effect of transparency or hollowness.

When wit is not forthcoming, the mind must resort to reflection which at first is necessarily weak, and unless the eyes are strong they injure their focal powers and become astigmatized.

But men, as books, may be read too much. Small print hurts the eyes, so do small matters him who studies them too intently. We should broaden our vision. When we have finished some one chapter of truth we should stop there, for beyond this, further mental exertion is uncalled for.

An artist immediately criticises work which is new to him, which he has not, as yet, seen closely; he is often blind to the same faults on his own pictures which he notices in others.

Therefore, beware of astigmatized judgment, it leads to final destruction, and we should not mar the vanishing point of life in such a way; neither should we wear blue glasses to rest the conscience when we ought to be learning the lessons of life to fit us for the final examinations.

If physical vision becomes injured, it may be improved for us by the work of others, but for the mind we must grind our own lenses at the wheel of time, using experience as a lubricator, and the friction of joy and sorrow to polish and make perfect.

AMY FLORENCE BROWNING, '97.

Bridges.

THE word bridge, which, like so many of the suggestive words in our mother tongue, is of Gothic origin, signifies to span or to connect, and, in the derivate applications, to facilitate man's passage over the manifold difficulties, which, like the Lions in "Pilgrim's Progress," threaten to bar his onward march into the realms of realization.

In reviewing the history of former centuries, extending from the age of Roman Imperial Art to the present time, there is one determinative factor which plays a prominent part in the progress of Art, and this factor is the Roman Bridge. It is proper, however, that this type of structure should be considered as belonging to the most prosaic branch of Architecture, namely, that of civil engineering. Under whatever head it may be classified the result is identical, the nucleus of power remains unaltered in it and we have the foundation of modern architecture unadulterated.

Surely the architect of to-day does well to study that constructive skill and largeness of proportion in which Roman genius displayed itself.

Take for instance the Trajan bridge built by that Emperor across the Danube. An example of originality

and power it merits imitation. A similar and perhaps equally interesting structure was erected by this Emperor at Alcantara in Spain, of much use in its day, and serves to illustrate how great the dependence of man has ever been upon the shore-binders. Unparalleled in the history of these has been the account of the bridge of boats built by the Persian King commemorated in these words of Milton: "Xerxes over Hellespont, bridging his way, Europe with Asia joined." How familiar to us all is Macaulay's poem of Horatius:

> "Their van will be upon us
> Before the bridge goes down;
> And if they once may win the bridge
> What hope to save the town?"

Now in this poem we see typified the unforeseen functions of the bridge in human history.

There are on record countless examples of architectural design, but none more worthy of note than old London Bridge. It was at first built of wood by the wealthy and intelligent daughter of an ignorant ferryman, who previous to its erection plied his vocation there. This short-lived wood structure was subsequently replaced by one of these substantial time-defying monuments of stone. To realize the significance of the adage "as fine as London Bridge" the inquirer must seek the pages of volumes long hidden from the common eye, which speak of it as one of the favorite rendezvous of the sixteenth century, at which time it was covered with dwellings and shops of every description. It afforded a center of traffic and of commercial and social intercourse. Here lived in

close proximity poets and painters, tradesmen and philosophers. All classes of society enjoyed its spacious hospitality, and under the dark mantle of night the desperate suicide besought of it a friendly passage into the realm of silence.

Other monuments, such as the famous Point-Neuf over the Seine, the ever memorable Bridge of Sighs, and that pride of Venice, the world-renowned Rialto, demand a more than passing notice, as well as the efflorescence of architectural design witnessed by that marvel of strength and lightness the Brooklyn Bridge.

But there are other bridges than those of iron and of stone, magic structures of the mind, which span the river of life and reflect for good or for ill upon the builder. For what is this life of ours but a bridge, and what are we but builders? and as our beloved Longfellow has it, "Architects of our fate and fortune."

The business man's ambition is a bridge on the other side of which he hopes to find fields of success.

The poet with glowing words gilds the commonplace of life and conducts us over the Bridge of Romance to a brighter future beyond.

The musician following fancy's feet "builds a bridge from dreamland for his lay."

Humanity throughout all ages has built its bridges. The trials which are mingled with the blessings of life form the foundation of the bridge of character which should be our best tribute of devotion to country, to posterity, and to that divinity whose faithful children we fain would be.

Life is full of vicissitudes, and breaks will come, but he whose bridge is built upon the immovable arches of wisdom, love, and truth will fear no future.

To-day our merry class of '97 stands mute and serious before one of these breaks in life. Closely bound each to the other and to our Fireside School, we gaze across the flowing river at our feet and more eager than reluctant to tread the path on the other side we still hold fast the old life and sigh for some link to bind it to the new. Girls, there is no choice. Life has come. The past has been beautiful, but the future is grand and vast. To-morrow we shall be school-girls no longer. Be it sunshine or shadow we must meet whate'er betide. How can we span this chasm? How grasp the future and yet retain the past? How hold the Pansy, while we wander among the flowers gay and brilliant on the other side? Let us remember for a moment what the past of '97 has been!

It was in October of '92 that its history began. It is one of the peculiarities of Ingleside, to believe in working definitely toward some objective point; and before '93 had received the first honors from our Alma Mater, that wonderful class, small in numbers but mighty in noise—we, there were then but two of us, had agreed to be their worthy successors. The "little Colonel," with an energy quite her own, and her friend, twice her length, but with half her determination.

At Christmas came another maiden to join our number and we three of '97, with two other girls upon whom our mantle falls to-day, lived a charming child life in the

old Cuckoo under the care of Mother Hunt, our only trial being, that the Cuckoo was called the Baby Cottage and we "*die kleine Mädchen.*" The Colonel is not here to-day and her link in the chain will be missing. Is it possible a Dresden school offers half the attractions of Ingleside to her! Across the Atlantic we send her greeting!

The next year brought our class three new members, and with one came into our quiet life fresh breezes from the western prairies. Changes had been made also in the school equipments. The Bobolink was ours and the Bindestrich with its ample appointments for physical and mental food bound all the cottages together.

In those early days, for reasons best known to ourselves, we did not speak much in public of our class as a unit, but the chain was silently lengthening and strengthening. Through all, it was the Pansy on the chain that was the real power in our lives. The influence was potent from the beginning. It is not necessary to say here what this union came to be, but we shall ever remember in reviewing those old days the personality which held our loyal service and the love, strong and faithful, which bound us to the Pansy and to her.

Commencement came, and the class of '94 passed on and off amid a wilderness of daisies, and in October of that year, when our Alma Mater opened her arms to us, we found again many changes had been wrought. More bird houses had been added and merry chatterings came from the Oriole, the Robin, and the Chickadee; all filled to overflowing. Three of the new comers entered our

growing class and our importance was visibly increased.

Months rolled by full of interest to the prominent actors in them. The girls of '95 fought their battles and won their laurels, and '96, with the pond lily as their emblem, floated like a dream out of our sight. In June of '96, with the bluet in our hands, we waved farewell to our predecessors and as the reigning class stepped into the foreground. A new home had become ours, not ours alone but a center for all Ingleside, and Hickory Hearth became the fulfillment of our desires and the realization of our hopes. Close beside it nestled the new Wigwam, and we rolled the same balls over the same alley as of yore, while above, under bolts and bars, the Chapter House of the Pansy Garten guarded the Geheimness meetings.

Again October came and we turned our thoughts toward work. Again Ingleside needed more room, and the "Overlook," our pride and joy, the queen of all the cottages, became our beloved home.

We cannot satisfactorily explain the attractions of this choice abode. It has been the delight of its occupants, the envy of all outsiders. To know what "Senior privileges" signify, one must have been an Overlook; that unique creature, which has never existed until this year of '97 and can never exist again.

Among our memories of school life the little cottage on the hill will be always in the foreground. The sun has shone last and brightest on our western porch and our class flag of white and blue has waved over many a group of maidens standing or lounging on the balcony, while the evening shadows fell, and the silence was broken

only by low voice or banjo and the tinkling of the light guitar. The class of '98 has cast sidelong glances up the hill; the under-class girls have feared to cross our sacred portals and have fluttered hither and thither up and down the Terrace, while we have calmly viewed them from afar, working out our obligatory problems, or grinding our voluntary "grinds."

Various harmonies and discords of an ambitious character have from time to time re-echoed through our Cottage, and Gounod and Wagner have been interpreted energetically by enthusiastic votaries. Alas, those harmonious duets, those choice selections from the classics! We claim for them a lenient criticism! Our more practical sisters surely are to blame, for our efforts were ever rewarded by tempting dainties which spurred us on to renewed endeavors and positively contradicted the old adage "too many cooks spoil the broth." This year two "Days" enrolled their names, and one "Violet outside the wall," from the first a member of the class, has left Father and Mother for our sakes and joined the charmed circle.

Shall we ever forget those *dejeuners a la française* held in the elegant seclusion of our own abode! The silver urn from which a bountiful stimulant ever flowed. A stimulant, a magnet, which even aroused the Class Baby from her slumbers and brought our drowsy Brownie to her breakfast. Pictures throng upon us. Susie and her June bugs; Lill intensely absorbed in the daily and charmingly suspicious letter; our modern Diogenes, Isabel, in her celebrated barrel; serious lectures on the

impropriety of partaking of the first breakfast course the evening previous, and more serious reflections on the sweetness of forbidden fruit!

But the Overlook joys are gone forever, and on the June air come a fluttering and a twittering and a sound of farewell songs, for the Cottage life is over and the Ingleside birds are taking flight. There is another break to bridge over, a break which affects all Ingleside. Our banner, with its royal coloring, is to float over another portal. There is a new home in progress for Ingleside girls, and when we come back it will be to another fireside. But the old idea continues; "the thought" of the school will be the same. The Pansy will be the emblem still and the hands which have created Ingleside, the hearts which have made the little Cottage School our home, will keep the school "the girls' school" still, and Ingleside shall hold a welcome for her children always. So we gather up our memories to-day, and, holding them lovingly, we build of them *our Bridge*. For us, girls of '97, the sunshine of our school life breaks the cloud and mist of the beyond, and spans, with a rainbow bridge of promise, the surging river at our feet.

Let us faint not nor falter but ever remain "true blue" to the end and thereby verify our class motto:

To ergon To einai Epetai.

AUGUSTA J. WHITE, '97.

Ode to the Laurel.

FAIR Daphne, from Apollo's hot love flying,
The pitying Gods turned to a laurel tree;
Apollo stooped and plucked the dark leaves, crying:
"Henceforth this branch is sacred unto me.
Oh, Daphne, of the water nymphs the fairest,
Of all thy beauty this remains to me,
And when I give of my rare gifts the rarest,
Henceforth the gifted shall be crowned by thee."

Seeking the haven of Apollo's shrine,
A crowd of noble pilgrims take their way;
Sweet singers rapt in harmonies divine,
Poets and princes eager, sad, and gay;
And painters, sculptors, warriors, heroes, sages
Come trooping with their off'rings rich and rare,
Thronging the vistas of the world's dim ages,
Girt round their brows a laurel wreath they wear.

From out the press the airy zephyrs flutter
A long bright tress of shining golden hair,
And tones more sweet than mortal lips can utter,
Fall like low music trembling on the air.
Who is it comes with step as soft as showers,
A queen before whom every knee must bow,
In beauty radiant as summer flowers,
Tenth of the Muses, Sappho, it is thou.

Before the shrine in stately Roman beauty
A matron kneels, the laurel round her brow
Grown faint with telling of the heart wrung duty
Whose doing not a whit her will could bow.
Oh, thou to whom a nation owed its life,
Who for the country doomed thy only son;
How poor a thing to prattle of thy strife,
Record the anguish of thy victory won.
Mother of Coriolanus, that proud Roman
Whose deeds still echo in the dusky past,
Thy deed, the deed of a true Roman woman,
Shall ring while memories of great deeds last.

But who then is this other Roman mother,
Who, smiling with the love light in her eye,
As eager as a maiden for her lover
Watches the surging crowds that pass her by?
Cornelia 'tis, who for her two sons waits;
Her laurel wreath was bound about her head
By the two sons whom she as lovers rates.
"They are my jewels," once she said.

The deeds of these great women have a meaning
To us who laurel as our symbol wear;
Woman, from woman's greatness gleaning
The courage for a life of toil and care.
Around us there are silent breezes blowing,
They come and go and not a trace they leave;
Around us there are unseen laurels growing,
Known only by the fragrance that they breathe.

About the brow of many a noble woman
They cling unseen with soft caressing touch,
And though she is not ancient Greek or Roman
She suffers, saves, she lives and loves as much.
Then wreathe from where the laurel grows the greenest
A chaplet for the noble and the true.
Be her life sphere the noblest or the meanest,
The strong heart, Daphne, shall be crowned by you.

HELEN A. HUNT, '95.

Marching Song.

Music by E. G. Clemence.

JUNE has come with all her gladness,
Budding trees and flow'rets gay,
Yet for us a minor sadness
Mingles in the song to-day.

Dainty flow'r that nods so blithely,
Bluet, symbol of our class,
Bids farewell to sister pansies
As the flitting moments pass.

Ninety-seven floating o'er us—
Banner fair of white and blue—
Binds us each to bear our colors,
Emblem of the pure and true.

Ingleside these years has held us
Safe from worldly care and strife,
And her "Work" that "Follows Being"
Fits us for the school of life.

Floating o'er another portal
We shall gold and purple find,
But these halls and homes deserted
Are within our hearts enshrined.

Therefore June with all her gladness,
Birds and buds, and flow'rets gay,
Brings to us this thought of sadness
As we sing our song to-day.

LILLIAN W. UNDERHILL, '97.

Tree Song.

MUSIC FROM "THE GEISHA."

A CROWD of busy days have passed,
And many hours of pleasure
Since Ingleside has held us fast
And blessed us with her treasure ;
The hills we love are fair and green,
And in this bright June weather
We gather here beneath our tree
And sing our song together.

REFRAIN :—

To '97 now we raise
Our voices in glad shouts of praise.

CHORUS :—

Hail tree of Ninety-seven,
We to thee homage pay ;
The glorious class of "'leven,"
And at thy feet we lay
All of our fondest hope,
All of our loyal love ;
Colors so true
White and blue,
Floating o'er all above.

The mem'ries thicken as we sing,
The thoughts of fun and duty,
The Overlook with all it held.
Our Alma Mater's beauty ;
And we are leaving her to-day,
The hour has come for parting,
We linger still with backward glance,
Ere on the new life starting.

REFRAIN :—

CHORUS :—

Now as we enter on the years
Which Time is onward sweeping,
We dread no ill, we fear no strife
Our Future holds in keeping ;
Dear Alma Mater, as we part,
Thy spirit hov'ring o'er us,
Accept each loving girlish heart
That sings this farewell chorus.

REFRAIN :—

CHORUS :—

LAURA M. POST, '97.

Alumnae Song.

ANOTHER year has passed away,
Again with loving pride
We gather to pay homage due
To thee, O Ingleside ;
Again the loving cup goes round,
Once more we give our cheers,
We wake the echoes far and wide,
We girls of other years.

CHORUS :—

To thee, O Ingleside,
Our Alma Mater dear,
We'll wake the echoes far and wide,
We girls of other years.

And as we fasten link to link,
In one continuous chain ;
So are our hearts together bound,
Which time rends not in twain,
And as the fleeting years go by
Should weal or woe betide
We'll ever turn with hearts of love
To thee, Our Ingleside.

CHO. :—

'93.

And here is to the absent ones,
Dear faces that we lack,
And here is to the glorious class
That bears the green and black.
Forever first while time shall last,
The rest must bow to thee,
Foundation of our noble band,
The class of Ninety-three.

CHO. :— E. W.

'94.

In ev'ry daisy petal white
A secret doth abide.
We were the first that ever trod
Thy halls, O Ingleside.
The purple and the gold for thee,
The gold and white we bore;
The "Garten" founders, this our boast,
The class of Ninety-four.

CHO. :— J. L. H.

'95.

Now ye have heard the praises sung
Of others gathered 'round;
We sing the honors of a class
That's with the laurel crowned.
With "vevo, vivo" on our lips
Forever will we strive,

And all with one accord shall praise
The class of Ninety-five.

CHO. :— C. U.

'96.

"To row and not to drift" our aim,
'Mid water lilies bright,
On quiet streams our emblem floats,
The glorious green and white
The mascot of undying fame,
Our cat, success predicts;
The first from Hickory Hearth are we,
The class of Ninety-six.

CHO.:— E. S.

Address to the Graduating Class at Ingleside, June 10, 1897.

By Hon. Morris W. Seymour.

WHEN I was asked to address a few words to you, young ladies, on this, your graduation day, there were many reasons why I gladly consented. It is my good fortune to know many of you personally, and I have watched your growth and education with pleasure. But I knew Ingleside before I knew you, knew it when as yet it was not, when it was but a dream filling the mind and firing the heart of her who has since been its generous patroness. Did I not know that to dwell upon this theme would be distasteful to her, it would delight me to recount, as I know it would you to listen to, all the carefully considered plans and benevolent purposes, the hopes and fears, the delights and sorrows, that entered into the building of Ingleside long before it had a local habitation and name. You young ladies are largely the children of that wise planning, those loving thoughts. If you have found here comfort in distress, strength in weakness, knowledge in ignorance, courage in discouragement, you will, if God spares your lives, hereafter appreciate all that Ingleside has been to you, as you are not

able to to-day. To that future and the grateful thoughts it will generate in your lives, I leave much that it would delight me to say in praise of this institution, for it is not of the Ingleside of the past, or even of the present, that I would speak, but of the fruitage, the harvest of Ingleside, which fruitage and harvest ye are.

What, young ladies, is to be the result of your education here? What has Ingleside done for you? The answer to these questions can only fully be told by its effects upon your character, your lives. "Let not him that girdeth on his armor boast himself, as he that putteth it off." We all hope and expect the pleasantest, happiest things for you, and it is my desire to voice Ingleside's parting words of comfort and advice to you in order to assist you in attaining them.

You have not only been fortunate in the educational, physical, and moral surroundings of your school life here, but to me it seems you are especially fortunate in the *time* of your graduation. These are great days in which we live. Unless all signs fail, the next half-century is more pregnant of stupendous achievements, fateful results than all time that yet has been. To you belongs a share in them, greater than ever yet has fallen to the lot of woman, if you but seize the opportunity and do your duty.

The present age has with much reason been called the "Woman's Age." An entire revolution has taken place in her position, responsibilities, and opportunities. The *new woman* has come to stay, not in the form of a woman suffragist, riding to the polls on her bicycle in a dress as

closely resembling that of a man as she can make it, but a noble-hearted, courageous, two-handed woman; one who, reverencing her God, respects herself, hates a lie, is intolerant of shams, insists on being a helpmate to her husband, a mother to her children, one who appreciates that the so-called curse on our first parents was, in fact, no curse at all, but rather a blessing; one who believes idleness a sin, and ignorance and inefficiency a crime. Already the whole face of social life has been greatly changed. The field of woman's activities has been greatly enlarged, and is still, day by day, more widely extended.

Of late, a new meaning has been given the word "education," or rather an old and proper meaning has been restored. For generations the word has been treated as if it was "in-ducation," a filling in, and not "e-ducation," a drawing out the best that was in us, which was and ever must be the prime object of all true training. To-day the question is not, How much do you know? but, What can you do? That is what the world desires to know. It demands of you *results* and *achievements*. Poetry and dreams, sensibility and emotion, are both natural and right, beautiful and lovable, but the sooner you realize that life is all too short to accomplish the things that ought to be done and which I am sure you have nobly planned to do, the sooner you will put yourself in accord with the spirit of our day. In nearly every college in our land, women are admitted upon an equality with men in the course of study and for the reception of the same academic degrees. She demands

the right to stand on the same educational plane, and is gladly welcomed into its competitions. Gradually there is being assigned to her a sphere appropriate to her capabilities, and she is constantly demonstrating her ability to fill the same. In our best educational institutions, the bestowal and proper distribution of charity is one of the subjects that is being scientifically taught; social problems, economic questions, the condition of the poor, demand attention not only at the hands of the charitable, but of government itself. To-day no ruler is so strong or so unwise as to ignore questions of this character. In this work woman finds a congenial and useful sphere. Much of it she can not only do, but do even better than man. Not only so, but she is trusted to do it, and in the doing, daily shows her ability to fill a still larger sphere. Nor is the opportunity wanting. Never has the conscience of the people been so awakened to their duty in this regard. Recently in one day's issue of the New York press was the announcement that over twelve millions of dollars had been given by two individuals alone to ameliorate the condition of the poor in that city. It may not be for any of you to enjoy the pleasure of such large giving, but it is yours to assist and participate in the proper distribution of such gifts, seeing to it that they wisely accomplish the generous purpose of the donors, and the greatest possible good to those for whom they were intended. Remember, "The drying of a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

Of late a new impulse has been given to the study of

history through the interest excited in the patriotic and hereditary societies so numerous in our country. A more vivid picture has been drawn of the motives, actions, and sufferings of our ancestors in the settlement and development of our country, of their struggle for independence and the establishment of the government. Some of the very best work in these lines has been done by woman. Her qualities of mind and heart seem especially adapted to it, requiring as it does painstaking investigation and careful research.

Do not misunderstand me. It is not every business I would have you undertake, but only that which is truly womanly. What I want to impress upon your mind is that there are more things that an educated woman can do in a womanly way, more things that need the doing than ever there have been before, that you are or can be better fitted to do them, and be the better for the doing of them, and, with me, thank God for it. Heaven never intended that there should be any idlers in the vineyard.

Carry forward the education you have so well begun here in some or all its branches. Remember the untold wealth of History, Literature, and Poetry, you have up to date been too much occupied, too busy, to read. But, above all, read with a purpose. Be not afraid to have a hobby, or to ride it fearlessly. Life is too short to compass the entire field of learning. Select some branch, and I can promise you that you will never grow weary of it. We all have the instinct that renders us happy in prying into the hidden things of nature. There is joy in the chase and pleasure in accomplishment, be it music, art,

history, science, literature, no matter what. The more you know, the more you will find there is to know.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Do I seem to be asking too much of you, young ladies? I hope not, for it is the message of Ingleside I would voice. We are all creatures of habit, and, remember, it is just as easy to form good habits as bad; habits of industry as easy as those of idleness. The habit of taking bright, cheerful, helpful views of life as somber views, disheartening alike to one's self as to those with whom we come in contact. Have faith in God, have high purposes, have perseverance in following them. These will fill your heart and mind, and keep them and your body fully occupied until that day when we shall pass from the homes of duty and happiness, the Inglesides of this world, to those pleasanter things that surpass man's understanding.

Births.

In New Milford, Conn., September 17, 1896, a son, BURR MALLETT STAUB, to DR. and MRS. GEORGE STAUB.

In Bridgeport, Conn., May 29, 1897, a son, DAVID C. SANFORD, JR., to MR. and MRS. DAVID C. SANFORD.

Marriages.

At All Saints' Church, New Milford, Conn., October 28, 1896, JOHN WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, of Boston, Mass., to SARAH ANN SABINE SMITH, of New Milford, Conn.

Deaths.

In Paris, France, PAULINE OTIS, of Chicago, Ill.

Honor Roll.

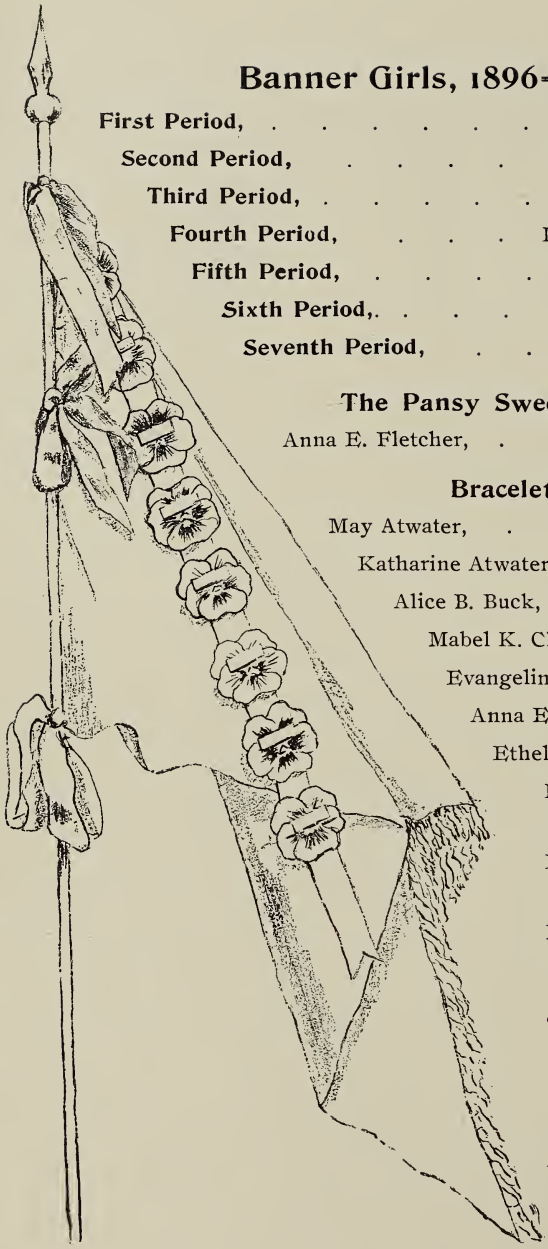
1896-1897.

First Half-year.

Minnie S. Blinn,
Winnibel Clark,
Augusta J. White,
Sarah U. Goodrich,
Mary Curry Connally,
Florence Browning,
Lillian W. Underhill,
Edwinna C. Hammond,
Regina E. Lunt,
Lily G. Hatch,
Mary Wallingford,
Ella Belle Sterling,
Isabel N. Smith,
Margaret M. Foster,
Caroline M. Roberts,
May S. Atwater,
Alice B. Buck,
Sophie Boucher,
Harriet L. McNeil,
Lois O. Pratt.

Second Half-year.

Minnie S. Blinn,
Winnibel Clark,
Sarah U. Goodrich,
Regina E. Lunt,
Mary Curry Connally,
Laura M. Post,
Lillian G. Hatch,
Adelaide K. Richmond,
Sophie Boucher,
Caroline M. Roberts,
Lillian W. Underhill,
Edwinna C. Hammond,
Florence Browning,
Margaret M. Foster,
Augusta J. White,
Isabel N. Smith,
Harriet L. McNeil,
Alice B. Buck,
Ella Belle Sterling,
Mabel K. Child,
Evangeline Cape,
Susie L. Nelson,
Katharine Atwater.



Banner Girls, 1896-1897.

First Period, ... HARRIET L. MCNEIL
Second Period, ... ANNIE E. ELPHICKE
Third Period, ... ANNIE E. ELPHICKE
Fourth Period, ... ISABEL NELSON SMITH
Fifth Period, ... HARRIET L. MCNEIL
Sixth Period, ... ETHEL HOPKINS
Seventh Period, . . ANNA E. FLETCHER

The Pansy Sweepstakes, '97.

Anna E. Fletcher, . . . Denver, Col.

Bracelet Girls.

May Atwater, . . . Ansonia, Ct.
Katharine Atwater, . . Ansonia, Ct.
Alice B. Buck, New Milford, Ct.
Mabel K. Child, Lakewood, N. J.
Evangeline Cape, Washington, Ct.
Anna E. Fletcher, Denver, Col.
Ethel Hopkins, B'klyn, N.Y.
Florence Hammond, Missoula, Mont.
Elsie Jones, Newark, N. J.
Margaret Lunt, Colorado Springs, Col.

"Robert C. Black Prize" for best work in the Gymnasium.

Augusta Julia White, New York City

The Pansy Garten.

"*Tapfer ernst und treu.*"

OFFICERS.

MRS. WM. D. BLACK, ... *Gärtner*
AUGUSTA J. WHITE, ... *Untergärtner*
LILLIAN W. UNDERHILL, ... *Geheimschreiber*
HARRIET L. MCNEIL, ... *Schatzmeister*
SOPHIE BOUCHER, ... *Wärter*

Members 1896–97.

A. J. White,
Harriet L. McNeil,
Winnibel Clark,
Florence Browning,
Lillian W. Underhill,
Anna E. Fletcher,
Isabel N. Smith,
Edwinna C. Hammond,
Florence Hammond,
Sophie Boucher,
Ethel Hopkins,
Mildred Thorpe,
Harriet Hastings,
Zady Robbins,
Susie Nelson.

Gesells.

Freelove Schlager Pierce,
Gertrude M. Sanford,
Jean Lee Hunt,
Margaret L. Sanford,
Helen A. Hunt,
Eva C. Jones,
Grace Carstensen,
Cora L. Underhill,
Elizabeth Geery,
Ruth Knowles,
Margaret Lachenour,
Edith Warner,
Florence Walker,
Helen Woodward,
Anna Conrow,
Nellie Schlager,
Marguerite Dewey Delafield,
Julia L. McNeil,
Cornelia White,
Annie McLean,
* Helen Mary Taylor,
Charlotte Lowe,
Elsie Schneller,
Kate Pierson.

* Died July 28, 1895.

Ingleside Golf Club.

1896-97.

Officers.

Miss Jean Lee Hunt . . . . . *President*
Lillian W. Underhill . . . . . *Vice-President*
Winnibel Clark . . . . . *Secretary*
Amy Florence Browning . . . . . *Treasurer*

Members.

Mrs. Wm. D. Black,
Miss Jean Lee Hunt,
Anna E. Fletcher,
Clara Carnahan,
Edwinna C. Hammond,
Sophie Boucher,
Florence Hammond,
Jane Abert,
Mary Wallingford,
Sarah U. Goodrich,
Cornelia Catlin,
Mrs. F. B. Draper,
Laura M. Post,
Augusta H. Kuevals,
Susie L. Nelson,
Mabel Colvin,
Lillian W. Underhill
Emma Cooke,
Minna Field,
Annie Elphicke,
Harriet Hastings,
May L. Baker,
Miss Jennie Sanford,
Florence Browning,
Isabel N. Smith,
Winnibel Clark,
Elizabeth Gair,
Hattie L. McNeil,
Curry Connally,
Corinne Howell.
Varina H. D. Hayes,
Caroline Roberts,
Lois O. Pratt,
Ethel Hopkins.

Honorary Members.

Rev. F. B. Draper,
Augusta J. White,
Alice E. Bliss.

Names of Links.

No. 1—The Kant
" 2—The Great Scott
" 3—The Hope
" 4—The Longfellow
" 5—The Kidd's Evolution
No. 6—The Swift
" 7—The Pitt
" 8—The Dickens
" 9—The Homer

Killie, Killeek! A cleek, a cleek!
Chilli-how-ee! A tee, a tee!
Caddy-co-ax! Score your whacks!
Green and white for I. G. C.!!!

Ingleside Kodak Klub.

1896-97.

Officers.

Regina E. Lunt	*President*
Harriet L. McNeil	*Vice-President*
Rae M. Seymour	*Secretary*
Sarah U. Goodrich	*Treasurer*

Advisory Committee.

Mrs. Wm. D. Black, Miss Charlotte Boyer.

Charter Members

Mrs. Wm. D. Black,	Varina H. D. Hayes,
Miss Charlotte Boyer,	Alice E. Bliss,
Clara Carnahan,	May S. Atwater,
Regina E. Lunt,	Harriet L. McNeil,
Sarah U. Goodrich,	Harriet S. Hastings,

Rae M. Seymour.

May, '97.

Elizabeth Gair,	Zady Robbins,
Lois O. Pratt,	Mabel Colvin,
Mrs. Jessie E. Taylor,	Miss Margaret Rinker,

Laura M. Post.

Ingleside G. B. C.

Anna E. Fletcher, Varina H. D. Hayes, Susie L. Nelson, Jane S. Abert, Augusta H. Knevals,	Banjo.
Clara C. Carnahan,	Mandolin.
Hattie L. McNeil, Curry Connally.	Guitar.

Ingleside School.

Mrs. Wm. D. Black, Patroness and Manager, . Hickory Hearth

FACULTY.

Miss E. B. Van De Water, Head Mistress, . . The Hall
Rev. F. B Draper, ... The Rectory
Mrs. Jessie E. Taylor, ... The Overlook
Miss Charlotte Boyer, ... The Bindestrich
Miss I. M Newton, ... The Studio
Fraulein E. Pelgry, ... The Robin
Mlle. Aguste Fargier, ... The Hall
Miss Edith Warner, ... The Chickadee
Mr. W. F. Hart, ... Hotel Weantinaug
Mr. E. G. Clemence, ... New York City

INSTRUCTORS.

Miss Henriette Fellows, ... The Studio
Miss Jean Lee Hunt, ... The Cuckoo
Miss Eva C. Jones, ... The Cuckoo
Mlle Hortense Dardon, ... Hickory Hearth
Miss Beatrice Mocs, ... The Robin
Miss Carrie Newton, ... The Studio
Mr. C. F. Daniels, ... New York City
Mr. C. H. Butterick, ... New Haven, Conn.
Mr. H. E. Newell, ... Bridgeport, Conn.
Mrs. Helen D. Hunt, House Mother, . . . The Robolink
Miss Cora F. Hill, Secretary, ... Hickory Hearth
Miss M. Rinker, Bookkeeper, . . . The Bindestrich
Miss M. L. Pennybacker, Household Manager, The Bindestrich
Miss M. Doone Pennybacker, Housekeeper, The Bindestrich
Miss Evangeline Rinker, Dressmaker and Seamstress,
The Bindestrich

Ingleside Directory.

1896-1897.

"THE OVERLOOK."

Augusta J. White,	New York City
Anna E. Fletcher,	Denver, Col.
Amy Florence Browning,	Devon, Pa.
Lillian W. Underhill,	Morristown, N. J.
Winnibel Clark,	Ansonia, Conn.
Susie L. Nelson,	Ansonia, Conn.
Isabel N. Smith,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Laura M. Post,	New York City
Alice B. Buck,	New Milford, Conn.
Augusta H. Knevals,	New York City

"THE CHICKADEE."

Harriet L. McNeil,	New York City
Sophie Boucher,	New York City
Edwinna C. Hammond,	Missoula, Mon.
Caroline M. Roberts,	Siasconsett, Mass.
May T. Atwater,	Derby, Conn.
Katharine Atwater,	Derby, Conn.
Emma W. Cooke,	Stamford, Conn.
Bertha Granger,	Hornellsville, N. Y.

"THE HALL."

Margaret Foster,	Schuyler, Nelson County, Va.
Mabel K. Child,	Lakewood, N. J.
Stella Bissett,	Chicago, Ill.
Elsie Jones,	Newark, N. J.
Cornelia Catlin,	Bridgeport, Conn.

LOIS O. PRATT, ... Indianapolis, Ind.
MARY WALLINGFORD, ... Evanston, Ill.
ANNIE ELPHICKE, ... Evanston, Ill.
CORINNE HOWELL, ... New York City

"THE STUDIO."

ELIZABETH GAIR, ... Brooklyn, N. Y.
MABEL D. COLVIN, ... Brooklyn, N. Y.
RAE M. SEYMOUR, ... Washington, D. C.
HARRIET HASTINGS, ... Morristown, N. J.
ALICE E. BLISS, ... Hartford, Conn.
MILDRED WARNER, ... Pawling, N. Y.
ZADY ROBBINS, ... Gt. Barrington, Mass.
MAY L. BAKER, ... Hartford, Conn.
CLARA CARNAHAN, ... Fort Wayne, Ind.

"THE CUCKOO."

CURRY CONNALLY . . . . . Richmond, Va.
ETHEL HOPKINS, ... Brooklyn, N. Y.
CARLILE D. WALKER, ... Richmond, Kentucky
JANE ABERT, ... Washington, D. C.
MINNA FIELD . . . . . Washington, D. C.

"THE ROBIN."

FLORENCE HAMMOND, ... Missoula, Mon.
EVANGELINE CAPE, ... Washington, Conn.
MILDRED THORPE, ... Philadelphia, Pa.
MARGARET E. LUNT, ... Colorado Springs, Col.

HICKORY HEARTH.

REGINA E. LUNT, ... Colorado Springs, Col.
VARINA H. D. HAYES, ... Colorado Springs, Col.
SARAH U. GOODRICH, ... Hartford, Conn.
ADELAIDE K. RICHMOND, ... Buffalo, N. Y

NEW MILFORD.

Minnie S. Blinn,
Lillian G. Hatch,
Laura H. Hill,
Julie E. Jennings,
Bessie C. Brown,
Belle Sterling,
Norma Conkey,
Nellie M. Kimlin,
Bessie N. Booth,
Adaline LeRoy Buck.

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